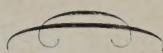


The Advocate



1935

The Advocate



1935



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EDITORIALS

A Thought for the Future

Ann Winter, '35

Be yourself! Emerson advocated it in his essay, "Self Reliance," many years ago. And yet today there are really very few people who have sufficient courage to express and follow their own ideas and beliefs. We are all afraid of what that vast audience of "others" will say if we break away from any long-followed custom.

Now, more than ever, the world needs people who are not ashamed of being "different." It is our turn to leave high school now and to enter into the next step of our lives, so it is up to us to be the non-conformists of the future. We are graduating in times of keen competition, and we will have to be independent.

If we read the lives of prominent men, we realize that each of them is an individual — he is himself and not one of a crowd. Originality and independence have always been important but we can make them still more so.

Be yourself — and by being yourself, be more successful!

The Debating Club

Andres G. Rosenberger, '36

One of the outstanding extra curricula activities in Needham High is debating. This club, efficiently coached by Mr. Benton, meets every Monday during organization period. Numerous debates on various subjects take place throughout the year, and the debater, constantly on the alert for usable material, is kept in close contact with current events. As the range of subject matter covers every field and is directly related to many parts of the world, the scope of the student is continually

broadened. In the course of his research he learns to use all types of references and becomes familiar with many institutions of learning including the Boston and Harvard University libraries. As all this work has to be done outside of school time the life of a debater is not a bed of roses in any sense. But there is a certain thrill and satisfaction in matching wits with a well informed adversary where the verbal attack becomes exceedingly sharp.

The height of the season comes in the spring when we meet the members of the North Attleboro team in our annual contest. An interscholastic debate of this kind takes many months of conscientious preparation. After a period of research, every phase of the subject is discussed in round table manner. Then frequent debates on both sides of the question are participated in by the members of the team. For this purpose the opposition presented by the post-graduate members of the club has proven invaluable.

The purposes and benefits of the club are many. It develops a freedom of platform manner, ease of speech, and command of vocabulary obtainable in no other way. It provides valuable training in presenting ideas and opinions clearly and concisely. If you need this training, or are looking for a worthwhile hobby and are not discouraged by the sight of work, give debating a try. You will never regret it.

Acknowledgment

The "Advocate" staff regrets to announce that the story entitled "Slipper," which appeared in the Christmas issue, was not the original work of James Heald and takes this opportunity to acknowledge his apology which has been duly given.

Commencement

Donna Hadsell, '35

Truly the word is well chosen. For most of us who complete our High School course there commences a new activity, or rather, a new view of activity. We are put "on our own" in a more impressive way than ever before. It is now that our friends and families begin to see us as "grown up" and to expect us to carry on more independently, to take our place as adults, soon to become full-fledged citizens with the power to vote and to have our say in the affairs of the town in which we live, and in those of the state and nation. They will look to us with more respect and confidence, but expect more of us. We have reached the first mile-stone, what will we do in the future?

To many of us the next few years mean college or some further course of training, which will enable us better to carry on in the future. Four years at college may seem like a long time now, when we feel that we'd rather enjoy a good long rest from math, and Latin homework and the daily school routine. But as we grow older, I suppose, four years

will seem short and we shall be glad to have had the advantage that a college course gives. In these times of unemployment, especially, I think it well that more high school graduates continue their education and thus relieve the employment field of their onslaught.

But whether we turn to college and more scholastic training or whether further education is not for us, we know that when we leave the kindly shelter of the Needham High School as graduates, we commence a life where even more will be expected of us. Not having so many to tell us what to do and when to do it, we will have to rely more upon our own judgment, our own ability to do the right thing at the right time. The different roads we necessarily will travel may keep us plodding, but the songs and laughter, the cheers of encouraging high school friends and teachers will live in our memory. We are glad to go forward, but it is with a trace of wistfulness that we Seniors say good-bye to dear Needham High associations and activities, at this, our Commencement time.

Mountains to Climb

James Harris, '35

A mighty, lofty, tattered swell,
A part of earth's upheavèd shell,
A shrine serene,
A deep toned bell
That stands to say that all is well.
Filmy firs in robes of green
Slumber there in each ravine,
And scraggly pines
With branches lean
Creep up and greet their ruling queen.

Speak up, oh sage, of all the sages;
Thou hast stood thru all the ages —
We lend an ear
That we may hear
Of truths to fill a trillion pages.
We pause to gaze in reverent awe
Upon the barren peaks of time,
Crest resplendent and sublime,
We look to thee and learn to climb
Above our sin, our lust, and crime.



Trial Flirtation

Barbara Blake, '35

Patty laid aside the copy of "Vanity Fair" that she had been reading, crossed over to the mirror above the mantel, and gazed long and critically at her reflection. The piquant little face that looked back at her, with its mop of curly brown hair seemed to be satisfactory for she nodded her head approvingly, then twisted it around to inspect her back. Yes, that too was entirely satisfactory; a very straight little back, with not a sign of a hump. Very well then, she would put to test Thackery's theory that any girl with enough self-confidence—"unless she possesses a virtual hump"—can get any man she wants. Patty's dark eyes grew meditative as she laid her plans. Certainly it would be too easy a test to try out the theory on any of the boys in her "gang"—they cluttered the house most of the time as it was; but Larry Travers would be a perfect subject. Larry was handsome and all the girls at school were crazy about him, but he had so successfully resisted their wiles that he was known as an incurable woman-hater. Well, Patty would cure him. What a feather it would be in her cap! Then a dire thought struck her—how humiliating it would be if she should fail. Probably Larry would never suspect her designs, but try to keep it from the girls. No, Patty was not the one to make a fool of herself. She would try it out first on someone

that didn't matter, and if she were successful—

At this point in her meditations the doorbell rang sharply twice. That was Ray Stoner; he always rang sharply twice and he always came just a little before dinner time to see Patty's older sister Harriet. He came at this unusual hour for the simple reason that that was the only time that he could ever find Harriet at home. She was a very busy and a very public-spirited young lady, absolutely absorbed in social service work. She was a member of the town Welfare Relief Board and it was surprising how many evenings and even precious week-ends could be spent in attending committee meetings and in carrying good cheer to her less fortunate townspeople across the railroad tracks. Then, too, she took two singing lessons every week, sang for two church services every Sunday (as well as for her friends' numerous parties and teas), and managed to keep up with her social obligations in-between-times. That is, she kept up all her social obligations except those to Ray—but after all, was it her fault if the board should call a meeting the night he was to take her to a dance at the club, or when he had tickets for the newest show?

Patty heard Katie answer the door and heard Ray go into the library. She ran up the stairs and burst into her sister's room where Harriet

was pulling a shiny satin evening gown over her smooth, blond head.

"Ray's downstairs," she announced.

"Oh, bother," said Harriet, "Mrs. DeWitt called this morning and asked me to come to her banquet with Mother and Dad because she wants me to sing afterwards. Ray's going to be furious—I think he said something about getting tickets to 'Ode to Liberty' for tonight."

"For heaven's sake, Hattie, why don't you go with him?"

"Because," said Harriet haughtily, "I think it more important to sing for Mrs. DeWitt than to follow my own inclinations and go with Ray." (Perhaps Harriet's conscience hurt her a little, for here she saw fit to lecture Patty.) "Please don't expect everyone," she resumed icily, "to be as selfish and silly as you. All you think of are those silly, moon-eyed boys. Don't you ever want to do anything worth-while—to be of some service to humanity? And furthermore don't call me Hattie, and leave my powder alone."

"You know," said Patty thoughtfully, "you really look quite noble when you talk like that. Your tall, cold, blond type can get away with it, but imagine me—with my face—"

"Oh," said Harriet in an agonized groan. She gathered up her music and swept out of the room calling after her: "Tell Ray where I've gone—I shan't have time."

Left to her own resources Patty freely applied her sister's powder and perfume and formed her plans. She would try out Thackery's theory on Ray. Among other weighty observations on life, Patty had read in "Vanity Fair" that there were two ways to get a man. One must choose one's type; either be clever or loving. Patty nodded wisely. "Just to be safe, I'll be both," she thought. "And I'll be sympathetic and a bit mysterious."

Having resolved upon her method of attack

she descended to the library where Ray sat scowling over a book. His countenance brightened a little as he heard her approach, but his face fell as soon as he saw that it was only Patty. His face fell even more when Patty delivered her sister's message. Then Patty went into her act. She laid her hand lightly on Ray's shoulder and in a well modulated, sympathetic voice, said: "It's hard on you Ray, I wish I could help."

"What?" he exclaimed, astounded by her gracious manner.

"We're both alone tonight, why don't you stay and eat with me?" (She hoped none of the "gang" would come piling in noisily to cramp her style.)

"What, no date? Pat, you're slipping. Sure I'll stay. What have you got to eat?"

Seated opposite him at the table, Patty smiled what she hoped to be a sadly mysterious smile and glued her eyes on Ray until that young man became so discomfited that he finally rose and surveyed himself in the mirror.

"Nope," he said, "My tie's not crooked and I haven't spilled anything on my chin, so why in the world have you sat there staring at me and grinning the whole evening?"

This would have discouraged a less dauntless soul than Patty, but she rose to the occasion.

"I was only wondering how Harriet could be so cruel—(this in a husky whisper)—I was thinking how happy I would be if I had her chance."

"Oh forget Harriet and get dressed to go to the play with me. We can't waste these tickets."

Patty bounded upstairs. She had made a little headway. He had told her to forget Harriet and he had asked her to accompany him to the play! Perhaps she wouldn't even bother with Larry when she was through with

Ray. Ray was pretty nice, and there wasn't such a big difference between fifteen and twenty-four.

Harriet had escaped early from the DeWitt's boring banquet and had hurried home hoping to be in time to go with Ray. She was not a little displeased to find the house deserted except for Kate who was rattling dishes in the kitchen and to receive no response upon calling Ray's apartment. Later, when she heard Patty and Ray returning she started down the stairs to meet them so Ray caught a glimpse of her as he opened the front door. He made a quick decision and gathering Patty in his arms he said in a more tender voice than he had ever thought he would use to her: "You've been lovely tonight. How about a goodnight kiss?"

"Patricia!" said Harriet sharply. "Go to bed!"

But before Patty obeyed this order which had been issued in a voice shaking with anger, she paused on the landing long enough to hear Harriet reprove Ray in no uncertain terms for "playing upon the emotions of a mere child."

Patty gritted her teeth, but smiled when Ray replied, "I never realized what a sweet girl she is."

After Patty had jumped into bed, her curiosity as to how the quarrel was progressing prompted her to rise again and tiptoe cautiously down the stairs. She almost fainted at what she saw. Ray was holding Harriet in an embrace much warmer than that in which he had held Patty a few minutes before, and Harriet was saying in a voice much warmer than Patty had ever heard her use:

"Darling, will you ever forgive me for being so silly as to be jealous of Patty?"

"Honey," Ray replied, "I've been a bit jealous myself, of all your activities, you know; but I promise never to try to make you jealous again, now that you have promised to marry me."

Patty crept upstairs, but before she went to bed she opened "Vanity Fair" and added this skeptical note to the margin opposite the theory whose truth she had been testing.

"Oh Yeah?"

Evening

Christine Soule, '35

Trees are swaying, breezes saying
That the night is near.
Flowers closing, all reposing
Even-tide is here.
Bright moon shining, trees outlining
And casting out its beams;
Stars are peeping, darkness creeping
Over all, it seems.
Mother singing, softly humming
Crooning us to sleep,
Music lifting, gently drifting
Us to slumber deep.
Nature's song drifts along,
Over the darkening sky;
As mother hums, slumber comes
With a lullaby.

Creation

James Harris, '35

Machinery whirs in perfect time, each wheel
And cog co-operates with gears and springs
Together with so many hundred things;
A watch's mechanism makes one feel
The power of all that's true and real.
A moment's idle musing to me brings
A puzzling problem, but the answer springs
Forth from my mind with an amazing zeal.
Who was the one who had such stores of skill,
The one that of his time and patience gave
To make that watch's movements so exact?
Again I ask, who, of his own free will,
Created a universe and made behave
The stars? Who wound the watch and made
it act?

Crabs

Ruth Gilpatrick, '35

Since we had decided upon crabbing (not the usual verbal crabbing but fishing), as the day's entertainment, we followed two ruts which led from a washboard road and which we had been told led to a wonderful hide-out of crabs. The ruts were bordered on each side by protruding branches which scratched the car and reached into the open windows to slap us in the face. Finally, we had to abandon the car as the hump between the two ruts had become so large that it scraped terrifically against the under part of it. This added permanently one more rattle to our friend on four wheels.

Loaded with nets, lines, and containers, we started our work through what I think must be the fatherland of poison ivy. To try to pick our way through it would have been impossible; so, after the ruts terminated, we had to wade, as we would through snow. At last the pond-like inlet with its muddy waters and its marshy shores lay before us. After untangling the lines and equipping them with fish-heads, the other members of our party threw them in. I had offered to be net-man as I thought that would bring more glory. Hardly had the lines been thrown in, when everybody shouted at once, "I've got one." The first one I netted managed to get very thoroughly entangled in the net, and, try as I would, I could not get him out. Finally with desperation I banged the handle of the net on the edge of a rack, and to my chagrin saw my first crab crawl quickly back into the water. By this time



everybody was trying to hurry me, so sneaking slyly upon the next unsuspecting crab, I swept the net viciously. Where I had expected to see a struggling blue-shelled fish there was only the blackest of mud. After receiving from my friend a disgusted look

which implied that she could have got that one easily, I went on to the third with a determination that I would *not* lose another. I decided upon a new method, sliding the net beneath the crab. When this method failed also, I was so exasperated that, regardless of shoes, socks, or white slacks, I pursued the evading crab right into the water, and, sinking in mud half way to my knees, I caught him. Heretofore I had been so busy that I hadn't noticed much else, but now I began to observe that most of the mosquitos and other insects were making a banquet of me, while only a few seemed to be content to buzz in my ear. The wood-ticks, for which I have always held a great dislike, seemed to enjoy my company also. However, despite my being net-man part of the time, we caught even more crabs than we wanted and started home, well satisfied with ourselves. If we could have visualized the afternoon with the fixing of the crabs, I for one would have been more tired but not so satisfied. Needless to say, we enjoyed the supper that night immensely, but I have wondered ever since how crab meat can be sold so cheaply. Just as an example of how foolish human beings can be, of my own free will I went crabbing again within a week.

"Although he seemed to be always on the horns of a dilemma, he was never gored."

George Schroeder, '35

“Algry”

Loring C. Nye, '35

“I’m so afraid my Algernon will catch it! It is really unfortunate that just as we moved here to Winterville an epidemic of Scarlet Fever should strike the town too. Yes, I feel it my duty to watch over Algernon and see that he doesn’t get that horrible disease. He’s really just a baby and depends on me so much.”

Ten minutes later Mrs. Weebody hung up the receiver ending her regular morning chat with a neighbor. As for Algernon, he may have been just a baby to his mother, but to the rest of Winterville he was one hundred and seventy pounds of bashful boyhood. Although scarcely fifteen years of age, Algernon A. Weebody had developed a rather stocky — or should I say — stout and massive frame. The Weebodys, Algernon and his mother had been living in Winterville for not quite a month, but Algernon liked it immensely. To begin with, the boys had nicknamed him “Algry.” Up to this time he had never heard any other name than the detestable “Algernon.”

Mrs. Weebody would have liked the new town herself had she not been so worried about protecting her Algernon from Scarlet Fever. Algry was really enjoying life for the first time in fifteen years. Yes, it was true; Algry was broadening out — socially not physically. At about the same time that his mother’s telephone conversation was taking place Algry was being hailed by the gang, his newly made friends.

“Say Algry, you want to be sure and go to the Sophomore Prom; we’re all planning to go. It’s only two weeks away, you know.”

“Oh really now, I hardly think mother would consent, you know,” Algry stated in a manner which caused them all to double up with laughter. Algry’s good natured face broke into a smile and he went on.

“By Jove, I really would like to go; but it took me a long time to convince mother it was

all right for me to take up shot-putting.” A week or so before, the gang had persuaded Algry to take up this form of athletics, telling him he possessed the ideal build for it.

“If I can only persuade her there won’t be any chance of catching Scarlet Fever at a dance, I’ll go,” Algry concluded nobly.

“That’s the stuff, Algry old boy,” chorused the gang. One of them suddenly had an idea.

“I got it Algry,” he said, “you can take Lucy Lovelock. You know, the girl you were making eyes at in Latin class yesterday. We know you think she’s pretty smooth!”

“Oh I say, fellows,” said Algry weakly, his large round face turning bright crimson. It had not entered Algry’s head that it would be necessary to invite a girl to the dance. But Algry was a different boy these days and he suddenly realized that he wanted to go to the dance more than he had wanted to do anything ever before. He also became aware that pretty little Lucy Lovelock with her dark curly hair and sparkling eyes, was the one and only girl he wanted to invite. In fact Algry quite forgot about his mother and that afternoon, after a strenuous workout with the shot-put, he found himself timidly ringing the bell of Miss Lovelock’s domicile. That young lady herself opened the door.

“Good afternoon, Algry,” she said sweetly, “Won’t you come in?”

“Oh no er — well, that is — er — I came to ask, er — I mean — uh, I wondered if I might have the pleasure of escorting you to the Sophomore Promenade?” he finally burst out.

From the bushes beside the steps roars of laughter burst forth; and Algry, his face for the second time that day becoming a brilliant crimson, turned around to see the gang, overcome with mirth, extracting themselves from

their place of concealment. This proceeding gave Miss Lovelock a chance to regain her composure as she informed Algy that she, "would be more than delighted to accept."

It didn't dawn upon Algy until he was almost home what a terrible thing he had done. He suddenly felt cold and uncertain as he reminded the gang that his mother might have different views than his about attending the dance. Suppose she would not let him go! What would he say to Lucy? Poor Algy began to pity himself immensely; but the gang reassured him.

"Just let us handle it," said one of them. "We'll handle 'mamma.'" Five minutes later Algy was apprehensively introducing the gang to his mother. One of the boys stepped forward, clearing his voice.

"Mrs. Weebody," he began, "in two weeks the Sophomore Promenade will take place. This dance is generally considered the school's most exclusive affair and for this reason only boys of the highest type are desired. Therefore, my dear Mrs. Weebody, it is only fitting that Algy — er, your son Algernon, who is one of the most popular and sought after boys of Winterville High School, er — it is only fitting that he should attend."

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Weebody, deeply touched, "I can see how you feel. My Algernon is a perfect gentleman, a true Weebody."

"I'm sure you'll agree, Mrs. Weebody," continued the speaker with a shy wink at Algy, "that it is not only fitting, but entirely necessary to the success of this exclusive social function that Algernon honor the occasion by his presence."

Quite overcome by this eloquent delivery, Mrs. Weebody was putty in the hands of the boys. Later that evening however she began to have her usual qualms concerning Scarlet Fever.

"Now Algernon," she cautioned, "you must

be very careful. In fact, I think you ought to come home at eleven. A whole evening of dancing might lower your resistance and I should never forgive myself if my precious child came down with Scarlet Fever."

Algernon, however, was not listening; he had other things on his mind.

"Mother," he began meekly, "I think it would be nice if I invited Lucy Lovelock to the Promenade."

"Now, Algernon, you must ask the right type of girl. Do I know her parents?"

"Well — er, her mother is President of the Women's Club."

"Oh yes, to be sure. I think it will be all right then, Algernon, to invite Miss Lovelock. I'll telephone Mrs. Lovelock now and —"

"Oh no mother! I hardly think that would be just the thing to do. As a gentleman I consider it my duty to ask the young lady myself. I'll do it tomorrow."

"My Algernon," sighed his mother. "More like a true Weebody every day!"

The next two weeks passed on wings and the day of the dance arrived in no time. Mrs. Weebody had given Algy many instructions as to how he should conduct himself at a dance; and the fact that the gang's suggestions were somewhat different did not worry Algy much. He was looking forward with keen anticipation to the event. One thing did disturb Algy however; his mother intended to drive him to the dance and come for him at eleven, an hour before it was to end. He informed the gang of this and they immediately offered an ample number of remedies for this situation.

That evening when Mrs. Weebody tried to start the car the engine refused to turn over. It was no use; it would not start. Assuming as worried a look as possible Algy mildly suggested that one of the gang would be glad to furnish transportation for himself and Miss Lovelock. His mother was forced to give in.

"All right Algernon dear, but come home promptly or mother will be worried."

Fifteen minutes later they arrived at the school. Algry was truly a magnificent figure in his shiny new tuxedo. His hair was slickly plastered to his amply large head; his healthy frame easily made up for the petiteness of Lucy. He gayly glided around the floor with an alacrity that belied his dimensions. To say that Algry was enjoying himself would be putting it mildly. Mrs. Weebody's son was truly the life of the party; and that lady would probably have been slightly disturbed could she have heard her son whisper, "hot-cha-cha" to his partner as he cavorted across the dance hall cleverly mastering one of the latest steps—in a style all his own. Algry kept up an engaging line of chatter with whomever he was dancing and consequently before the evening was over many fair maidens were enlightened concerning the masterful art of "putting the shot."

During the evening Algry seemed to develop a great fondness for the punch bowl. In fact at the end of each and every dance he would saunter over to it and refresh himself. It was later estimated that Algry drank half the punch and that the rest of the couples present drank the other half.

To Algry it all seemed a very short time when he found himself dancing the last dance with Lucy. The gang informed him that it was the custom after dances to drive over to a nearby roadhouse for hot dogs. Algry thought it was a delightful custom and before long a couple of frankfurters had disappeared in the same direction as the several quarts of punch.

And so at one o'clock our hero was bashfully putting his arm around Miss Lucy Lovelock as they were being chauffeured home. At about that time Algry surprised himself by being so bold as to kiss that unprotesting young lady goodnight. Mrs. Weebody was imagining all sorts of horrible things that might have happened to her Algernon. Arriving home at

one-thirty Algry tactfully explained to his mother that "as a matter of courtesy he had been forced to go where the gang went." His mother's fears being calmed he retired for the night to sweet dreams of Lucy which were also sprinkled with punch and hot dogs.

The following morning Mrs. Weebody peeked in at her Algernon sleeping comfortably after his strenuous activities of the preceding evening and gave a terrified shriek.

"Oh why did I ever let him leave me! My poor Algernon. I'll never forgive myself. It's Scarlet Fever!"

The object of her exclamations was a very visible rash entirely covering Algry's robust countenance, which was no longer wrapped in sleep. Algry agreed with his mother that he had some terrible disease, as his stomach was being tortured by sharp pains—it never occurred to him that this could be the result of too much punch and hot dogs.

A little while later the doctor was solemnly ushered into the sick room.

"Oh doctor, tell me the worst," pleaded Mrs. Weebody, "my poor Algernon. My baby!"

The doctor methodically examined Mrs. Weebody's one hundred and seventy pound baby and at last after many "ers" and "ahs" gave the verdict.

"Measles," he said, "er — German Measles and a slight attack of stomach trouble."

Dawn

William Biggart, '35

The trees all drip in swirls of mist,
A grey streak widens in the East,
To show the spot the sun has kissed,
At dawn.
The tide of life is low, they say,
Before dawn clammers up the sky,
And so I greet with joy the day,
At dawn.

Water Meters

Roger Stanwood, '35

Did you ever notice, when turning on a faucet, a faint ticking noise? If you did you probably wondered where it came from, for most people of this age do not notice the smaller things in their homes. The producer of this slight but constant sound is the water meter, which rests sedately against a cellar wall, clinging to the water supply-pipe as though it were its mother. This small piece of mechanism leads a dull and monotonous life, always ticking when one uses Nature's beverage, and on a Saturday night it works a little faster. Never letting up on its job, all its records are at your expense and as a result a little more money is in the town treasury. Think of the work that poor thing puts in throughout the long summer months, when the rapidly browning lawn cries constantly for relief. In spite of all the democratic arrangements of the alphabet there is no code of shorter hours for this industrious creature.

The only joy of the meter's life comes when one of its minute parts ceases to function or when one of its weaker joints collapses for some unknown reason. What laughter it emits when with its one glass eye it carefully watches the poor master of the house vainly endeavoring to keep the onrushing flood of aqua from ruining the furnace and cellar. The best way to remedy this, and I speak from experience, is first to call the water department and then seize any unfortunate individual, whether he or she is inclined to getting his clothes wet or not. Next, take two or three barrels and place one under the broken connection from which the water is flowing. When it is full carefully maneuver the next under connection while slipping the former out to be emptied in the set-tubs or some such receptacle. This cycle may continue indefinitely but sooner or later the reputed pipe-mender will come to your aid and he, after turning off the water from the street in a simple fashion, will install

temporary repairs, inquire concerning the disaster and leave in spite of the many ponds and rivers that try to hinder him.

Of course the dirtiest job is cleaning the floor. This is done by taking two or more healthy looking mops and their small helper, the mop-wringer. By masterful strokes you soon will be able to dispose of the remainder of the water that has so inconsiderately spread itself all over the cellar floor. By the time this is completed your clothes are in a bad condition and after changing them you may return to the scene of the crime and quietly mumble phrases which I am not at liberty to print. In spite of all these mishaps there is one fortunate thing, and that is that the dear water meter did not pick the dead of night or some other inconvenient time to outpour its misery.

Monotony

Virginia Spicer, '36

Plash, plosh,
It is the rain.
Tick, tock,
The clock.
Wearily
I listen
To the sounds
They make.
Seconds,
Minutes,
Hours,
I wait,
Bored,
For something
To break the monotony
Of that everlasting
Tick, tock
Of the clock,
And the
Plash, plosh
Of the rain.

What Good Does It Do?

Vincent Butler, '36



"Bet he can't."

"He was the best pitcher in Atlantic League."

"That don't make no difference."

These and other remarks were flying about the ramshackle barroom of the 3rd Pursuit A.E.F.

The subject of this debate was first Lieutenant Terrance Michael O'Toule, a red-headed Irishman better known as Terry.

Chiefly participating in this wordy duel were Sergeant David Weinstock, commonly known as "Izzy," and Pierre Dupont, or just "Snake," so-called because of his eyes. As were most of the other occupants of the barroom, they were drunk.

Just then "Terry" entered the room and started toward a large group trying to find "Izzy." They saw each other at the same time and "Izzy" came forward to exclaim, "Oi Terry, my friend, I bet this here "frog" my next six weeks pay that you could hit a plane with a grenade while yere in a dog fight."

"Sure, and ye're the thickest —," then seeing the hurt expression that crossed his friend's face, "Never moind, oi kin troy it eny way. But," here his face took on a stern look — "let me ketch ye troying to make me the goat of eny more of your bets and I'll —." He stopped, not being able to think of a punishment dire enough.

The next morning as the dawn patrol was taking off, "Snake" ambled over to "Terry" and whispered, "Don't forget the leetle bet of las' night, and you had better take thees along

weeth you, mon ami," as he gave "Terry" a hand grenade the size of a baseball.

Roaring along over No Man's Land, the members of the dawn patrol became aware of a sudden ominous "tack-tac-tac-tac" and glancing up they saw a flight of Fokker's D'7's diving upon them. Captain Daniels raised his hand and gave the signal of "every man for himself."

"Terry" grabbed for the trigger on his joystick and rolled his plane out of the way of the evil-snouted bird coming down upon him. And then it was a mad scramble. "Terry" finally engaged an opponent and together they dove, circled, immelmanned, looped and barked, each trying to shoot the other from the sky. Suddenly "Terry," on coming out of a loop found himself directly on his enemy's tail. Pressing the trigger, he waited for the expected vibration of the Vickers but they failed even to shimmy. Then he realized that he had failed to check his ammunition. He was as helpless as the proverbial Jonah.

The German also perceived this fact and quickly took advantage of it. "Terry" realized that he would soon be looking into the red-lipped muzzles of a Spandon. Then he became aware of a bulge in his pocket and he remembered the hand grenade that "Snake" had handed him.

As the German closed in, "Terry" took careful aim and waited. He knew the German would come as close as possible, in order to get a sure shot. When the German was as close as he would ever come, "Terry" quickly stood up in the cockpit and hurled the grenade at the whirling "prop" of the Fokker. The sky was rent with a tremendous explosion and bits of wood and canvas, that had been a plane, drifted slowly to earth.

Terry shrugged his shoulders, as if to free himself from the last bonds of a great load, and looking around found himself well below the dog-fight. Not having any ammunition he knew that he would be of no help to his comrades and flying close to the ground, he scooted for home.

Upon landing he staggered, on stiff legs, towards the C. O.'s office to turn in his report; as he passed the barroom he became conscious of a furious argument being waged inside. Stepping inside he heard the familiar voice of Izzy shouting: "I'll bet eny man in dis room that Terrance Michael O'Toule can fly to Berlin and throw a bomb into the lap of the Kaiser himself."

Saga of A Popular Song

Virginia Sanborn, '35

It comes from nowhere — a catchy little bit of rhythm affixed to an enchanting lyric. It appears suddenly, catches the public fancy for an instant, and fades away into the blue from whence it came. Such is the brief life of a popular song.

But its life, while it lasts, is a gay and tempestuous one. Take for example one of the songs that is now in vogue "I Believe in Miracles." It is introduced for the first time on the air anywhere, by Guy Lombardo and his incomparable Royal Canadians, or perhaps the crooning of Bing Crosby swings it to fame. Soon it is on everyone's lips. Gay couples sway to its enchanting rhythm in a swank supper club; youthful Romeos assert in melting tones to admiring Juliets their belief in miracles. The washerwoman bawls out the same belief to the world at large while rinsing out flannel union suits. The business man hums snatches of the lyric between spells of trying to balance the books; the conductor on the street car murmurs it under his breath. Even the garbage man warbles in soulful tones to the alley cat:

"And that's why I get lyrical about a certain miracle

That gave me you."

The belief in miracles is now universal. Not a dance hall, not a radio program, not an aspiring prima donna, but tries it out. We hear America singing, and the song is "I Believe in Miracles."

Then the popular taste for miracles is surfeited, and everybody is heartily sick of them. Anyone attempting to extoll miracles is promptly squelched. Guy Lombardo has long since introduced another smashing hit; Bing Crosby is breaking damsels' hearts to a new tune. The song is dead; two months later its brief existence is forgotten.

But is it entirely dead? Has not its short life left anything behind in memories? When forgotten by the world at large, does it not still recall to some of us a happy experience? One time canoeing he sang it to you, or you went to a heavenly dance where the orchestra played that song. So songs and experiences remain interwoven, wrapped in the veil of memory, a part of the almost irretrievable past.

The Joyous Life

Barbara Blake, '35

This youth of ours is such a fleeting thing —
I would give every moment its full due,
And paint my life a thing of brilliant hue.
To keep my spirit gay I'd dance and sing,
And fill my days with laughter's joyous ring,
Forgetting fretful tasks that might subdue
My carefree heart. I'd travel far to woo
Adventure's gallant stride and youthful swing.
You say I'm selfish in my plan of life?
What other way could you suggest for one
Who so loves beauty? You would have me
spend

My days in irksome toil and constant strife
For men. — I hope, by standing in the sun,
To some drab souls, reflected warmth I'll lend.

"A Rose By Any Other Name — "

Virginia Poland, '35

"Positively, the last week of the 'Enchanted Isle' starring Letitia Powers," read the advertisement of the Frivolity theater.

"And after that — ?" said the lovely Miss Powers, tossing aside the paper.

"Letty you're a fool, why on earth don't you accept Grubinstein's offer to go into the movies? There's loads of money in it!"

"My dear Sheila, if you don't stop calling me 'Letty,' I'm afraid I'll be inclined to throw this lovely silver slipper at your wavy hair. Please call me 'Les'."

"All right, Les, then — but this idea of yours is crazy as — "

"Now, listen to me Sheila Keith. I just want to see if I can't work my way into the movies; I want to see if I really have any movie talent — don't you see? I don't want just to cash in on my reputation — so to speak."

"Well, it's your life you're living so I might as well wish you good luck; but if you need any money I hope that you'll write me and let me draw on your account."

"Yes, dear, I'll promise you that," replied Letitia yawning.

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The following Saturday "The Enchanted Isle" closed and the next morning found Letitia on a train bound for Hollywood.

"Now, let me see," thought Les, "I'll have to change my name, — uh what'll it be? Ah, Mary Smith! No! That's too trite. Sheila Keith — no Sheila wouldn't like that. I think I'll keep my own last name, — now — I have it, Stephanie Powers and my friends can call me 'Stevie'."

As soon as Stephanie reached Hollywood she decided to find a cheap but respectable

boarding house. So she bought a morning paper and looked through the ads.

"Ah, that's just what I want, a boarding-house for aspiring stars."

And that is how Stephanie happened to board at "Ma Perkins."

That evening when the supper bell rang Mrs. Perkins brought her new boarder into the dining room and introduced her to all her other guests.

"And over here, last but not least, is Anton Winslow. He's an aspiring playwright," as Ma said these words a twinkle crept into her laughing eyes, because Mr. Winslow blushed very charmingly, a fact which caused Stephanie a secret bit of pleasure.

"I'm very glad to make your acquaintance," stammered Tony.

"Thank you," returned Stephanie. Then she sat down between Ma and Tony. Instantaneously a great friendship grew up between them.

By the end of the week "Stevie" and Tony were seeing a great deal of each other — in fact Ma Perkins was talking about them over the backyard fence.

"You know it does seem as tho' my handsome Mr. Winslow has a mite of a liking for the new boarder."

"Ye don't suppose we're goin' to have a real romance in this neighborhood, do ye?"

"Well," said Ma lowering her voice, "I don't see how any man could help loving a young girl with such curly blonde hair and such blue eyes. You know, it kinda takes me back to the days when my own cheek was as pink as hers and my nose as dainty. Them was the days when Jack Perkins was a-courtin' me. He was a fine boy — big shoulders and sandy

hair that wasn't exactly curly but awful fluffy. And he was athletic, too. Fact is—he was very much like Mr. Winslow, same coloring and all, and just as fine and handsome. Ah me!"

"Well, I hope 'twon't be a scandalous romance like that Doherty affair," replied the sullen Miss Shepter, in a disinterested manner.

"Aw, it won't be. They're fine young people, the both of 'em. Well, I guess I'd best be getting back to work," said Ma as she hurried away humming some old popular piece, the name of which had long since been forgotten.

Every morning Stephanie worked in a small down-town office filing papers and every afternoon she went to movie lots trying to get an "extra" job while Tony stayed at the boarding-house writing his play.

On nice evenings Tony took Stephanie to the movies or they walked in the park, and on rainy evenings they sat by the fire in the comfortable living room.

In this way Stephanie's first three months in Hollywood passed.

As May melted into June and the evenings became longer, Tony and Stephanie walked in the Park more often and told each other what they had done during the day.

One lovely evening in early June as they were walking by a bed of nodding yellow roses; the scent wafted by the breeze reached them and seemed to intoxicate them. Tony broke the silence first, his head whirling.

"Stevie," he said, "let's sit down over here. I want to talk to you."

"Why certainly. I'd love to. Isn't it a simply grand evening?"

"Stevie, listen, when I finish my play—or rather when I sell it—if I sell it—if I get enough money—oh gosh, will you marry me?"

Stephanie was startled for a moment.

"Why Tony—I never even thought of you that way before, but—"

"Oh, I know, I'm an ideal friend. Oh, Stevie, please don't say that."

"I wasn't going to. I was about to say, 'It would be a terribly nice way to think about you'."

"Do you mean that?"

"You know I do."

• • • •

The following week Tony turned his play over to Grubinstein to be read—and awaited results. In a few days he had a call from the office, and grabbing his hat he tore down there.

"Is Mr. Grubinstein in?" asked Tony on arriving.

"Have you an appointment, sir?"

"No, but he just sent for me."

"You must be Mr. Winslow."

"Yes."

"Go right in."

With unsteady steps Tony gained the door and pushed it open into the luxurious office of Grubinstein.

"Tony, my boy—you've got a great play, there, but—"

"I know but—it's all wrong."

"No, no, it's perfect but there's only one girl that can play the part. In fact—it was written for her!"

"And I know her. I wrote it for her!"

"You wrote it for Letitia Powers, the great actress?"

"No, er, I wrote it for Stephanie Powers, the girl I'm going to marry."

"Now, son, be reasonable about this. You've got to have an actress to play a part like that—not just a girl friend. Do you realize, boy, that this is as good as a Peters' play?" said Ed Grubinstein tapping the scenario. "Why Peters himself couldn't write a bigger sensation. You've got the world in your pocket—don't throw it out the window."

"Won't you please see her and just give her a chance?" begged Tony.

The weak side of Grubinstein was master and he replied, "Well, there won't be any harm in it, but there isn't a chance for her. Tomorrow at two."

"Thanks loads," cried Tony as he rushed out of the office toward the boarding house.

On reaching his destination he flung open the door and called, "Ma, come quick."

"My word! What's all the rumpus about?" questioned the little old lady.

"I sold it and she's going to have a chance for the leading part," replied Tony as he picked up poor little Mrs. Perkins and kissed her.

"Tony," she said blushing, "you're a silly boy."

"Isn't it great—he's going to give Stephanie a chance? Where is she? Tell me quick—please."

"She hasn't come in yet but she's due any—, why there's the doorbell. You answer it, you've mussed my hair so," said Ma as she tactfully slipped into the kitchen. Tony went to the door and opened it. "Stevie," he cried, "I told you he would. He accepted it, says it's great and wants to see us both tomorrow at two."

"Oh Tony, how perfect," was all she could say as she suddenly realized that Grubinstein's first look at her meant discovery.

"Is that all you can say?" said Tony in a disappointed voice.

"Why Tony, it's marvelous, but I'm too dazed to emote over anything."

This explanation sufficed and Tony replied, "You'll go?"

"Of course."

"Movie tonight?"

"Better not, I'll need my beauty sleep."

"Aw—"

"But tomorrow at two at Grubenstein's!"

"Right."

The next afternoon at one-thirty, Stephanie walked into the outer office.

"Is Mr. Grubenstein in?" she inquired.

"Have you an appointment, M'am?"

"No, tell him Miss Letitia Powers to see him, and if a young man comes in, please tell him Stephanie is inside."

"Yes, M'am. Are you Miss Letitia Powers, the actress?"

"Yes."

"I'm sure Mr. Grubenstein will be more than glad to see you."

In a few seconds the door opened.

"Letty! Well, where did you come from and just when I need you most."

"Hello, Ed. You look well, but I'm not a discovery. I've only come to lay my troubles at your feet."

"Go ahead. Old Ed is always ready to give advice."

"You know Tony Winslow?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm Stephanie."

"You!"

"Yes," replied Stephanie shaking, and right then and there she poured out her whole story and ended by weeping.

"Come, come, it's not so bad as that."

"But I love him and he'll hate me when he finds out who I am."

"Don't be crazy, he'll love you more. Why—"

"Mr. Winslow to see you, sir."

"Show him in. Steady Letty."

"Come in, sir."

"Tony, come right in. Here is your leading lady, the one I spoke about."

"You mean the one I spoke about."

"Shall I say—we spoke about? Let me introduce you to Miss Letitia Powers."

"What! And I never knew. We—ll I'll be."

"You'll forgive me for not telling," pleaded Stephanie.

"Forgive you? Why it makes it easier to tell you whom I am."

"You?" queried Grubinstein, "You're Tony Winslow, aspiring young playwright."

"I beg your pardon. I'm Tony Peters, young New York playwright and this is my

fiancee, Letitia Powers, and our first boy will be named — Grubinstein, what is your first name?"

"Edward."

"— And our first boy will be named Edward. By the way — who are you?"

"Napoleon — I guess," murmured Grubinstein as he tactfully looked out of the window.

"Jenny"

John Notman, '37

A blue haze hung over Sebago Lake, which lay flat and glassy under the noonday sun. I could hear nothing but the throbbing of the engine under the deck of our launch. Even the mosquitoes seemed to be too sleepy to bother me.

Looking up from my dreamy doze, I saw old Dan'l, hand on the wheel, his face as expressionless as ever. He was still sucking his smouldering corncob.

As I looked away at the hills, which seemed to be shimmering on the horizon, I thought of the north woods, and the lumber camps near Mt. Katahdin. Many questions entered my head.

Did they still use tame moose, or horses, for their hauling? Sledges or wagons? Tractors or drags?

"Dan'l," said I, finally shaking off my drowsiness, "do they use horses in the north woods nowadays? Are they well fed? Do they have to work awfully hard?"

Dan'l appeared to meditate. I was not surprised, as he had done nothing all morning but smoke and meditate, except when he stopped to spit over the gunwale.

"Yes."

For all his laconic brevity, I knew that if he once started, he would tell me tales of the great North woods that would make Paul Bunyan fit in a thimble.

At length, living up to my hopes, Dan'l knocked the ashes out of his pipe, cleared his throat with the huge rumble of a freight train crossing a bridge, and related as follows:

"Yes, I heard of a hoss, once, that was quite extraordinary. It was back in the days when north-west carry was jest about two hundred and forty-seven miles from nowhere. There the ground rises right up from the river bank to about thirty or forty foot high. The land around was more or less cleared, but sprinkled all over with stumps, which made right nice hitchin' posts.

"The only feller who lived in the cabin at the top of the hill thar was Larry Fitch, who owned this hoss. He called her Jenny. I don't jest recollect if she was named after his wife, who was daid, or t'other way around.

"Now this Jenny was a most remarkable hoss. Larry told me she was the strongest mare this side o' Mattawamkeag. He said that once he tried to make her move a boulder, pretty nigh as big as a house. Wa-a-ll, Jenny, she strained and strained, but t'was too much for'er. She pulled so hard, that finally her skin split from her forehead right down her front and middle, and old Jenny walked right out of'er skin, leaving it there in the harness. However, Larry didn't want to lose the old mare. So he took an' tied some fresh sheepskins around her, an' let 'em grow. Well, sir, Jenny healed up right remarkable with her new skin, and after that, Larry harvested five hundred

an' sixty-three bushels of wool a year off'n'er."

Dan'l paused, looked at me somewhat apprehensively, but continued in a guileless voice.

"Wa-a-ll, one day, 'long about November, Larry's larder was gettin' low. He decided to go out hunting. So he took down his gun an' a pocket full o' shells, never thinking that he wouldn't need but one of 'em.

"He steeped out of his cabin. T'was cold, mighty cold, but the river wasn't frozen on account o' its bein' so swift. As he approached the bank of the stream, he spied a buck deer on t'other side. It was a dandy, big, an' with a full set o' horns that reached four foot across. Larry dropped behind a stump an' drawed a bead on 'im.

"An' then — 'Bang!' — but just he as fired, a big salmon jumped out o' the river, right in his line o' fire. Back it dropped into the water, but with a bullet hole thru it. Larry ran out an' grabbed it afore the current could carry it away, an' then slashed on right across the stream.

"When he had looked around a bit, he found the deer stone dead. The bullet had gone in his head, glanced off'n his scull, and gone into an old hollow stump. It had split a piece off an' showed the insides. There was a honeycomb, all full o' honey.

"Well, about then, a covey o' grouse got up from a bush nearby, an' flew off to the woods. Larry had forgot to reload his gun, but while he was a'lookin' 'round fer something to throw at them birds, a big jack-rabbit jumped out'n a bush right by his foot. He grabbed him by the hind feet an' threw him right inter the flock o' grouse. Well, sir, that Bunny, kickin' an' clawin' round like the old Harry himself, killed eleven o' them grouse. The fall was too much fer 'em, tho, an' he laid thar, stone dead alongside o' the birds.

"Now Larry was a mite perplexed what to do with his game, so he went back up to his cabin, an' fetched Jenny. He put some barrels

on a sledge, hitched it to 'er, an' drove 'er down.

"Fust of all, he took an' drawed off twenty-three barrels full o' honey from the stump, an' stopped up the hole to save the rest.

"Then he put them on the sledge, an' loaded on the deer an' the salmon. He went out an' picked up his rabbit an' eleven grouse, an' loaded them on.

"All this was quite a load fer old Jenny, but she hauled away with more spunk'n most critters would've had.

"Larry drove her across the river, an' started up the hill to his cabin, leadin' his old mare by the bridle. He thought the load seemed kind o' heavy, but he didn't bother to look back.

"When he finally got'er up to his cabin, he looked around, an' what do ya know? In crossin' the stream the sledge had got stuck on a rock, an' the rawhide traces of the harness had sagged inter the water an' swelled up tremendous.

"When Jenny had started a-pullin' agin, that wet harness had stretched right out, until now, there was Larry an' Jenny at the top o' the hill, an' the sledge calmly a-sittin' in the middle o' the stream, with the traces stretched all the way between.

"Bein' a gray day, an' gettin' colder, Larry didn't want to bother with gettin' the sledge up then. So hitchin' the traces to a stump, he went in an' ate his dinner.

"When he comes out, in about an' hour, he was surprised to see his sledge, with all the game on it, right in front o' his door. Ya' see, while he was in eatin' his dinner, the sun had come out an' warmed things up a bit. So them wet traces, dryin' in the warm sun, had shrunk, an' bein' hitched to a stump at the top, had pulled the old sledge right up to the cabin.

"Well, I guess you'd better get up an' get wieldin' that boat hook, 'cause here we are at the wharf."

Childhood Days at the Boy Scout Camp

Douglas Colton, '35

During the summers of the three years from 1924 to 1926, my father had the position of chief councillor of Loon Pond Camp in Middleboro, the Boston Council camp of the Boy Scouts of America. I spent the three complete seasons at this camp, much against my will; being of a small minority, I had to go. It was no fun for me then, because I was small, and even the youngest of the enrolled members were too big and "rough" for me.

I had a craze for trains at this time, and day in and day out, I would wander about the camp imagining myself seated at a Pullman window, and emitting noises to make the outside world believe the same thing.

I often missed the better part of my meals, as my father was particular that I should get all the dirt off my face before I was permitted to eat a mouthful. Again and again I was sent over the fifty-yard stretch of territory between the mess-hall and the lake, and each time I returned with the water-line pushed back another inch toward my ears and hair. This process was repeated, sometimes, as many as a dozen times, and I was lucky if I could get a banana or a cup of cocoa for the entire meal.

One of my chief pastimes was to loiter around the camp "museum" where locally-caught reptiles — snakes, turtles, frogs, etc. — were held captive, and to watch a battle for life in progress between a snake and a frog. The snake usually won. I was fond of witnessing these contests to the bitter end, as there seemed to be nothing else for me to do.

I was, at that period, gripped with a name-sake hobby — I went around the entire camp trying to round up those individuals, out of the total enrollment of three hundred, whose first names like mine were Douglas. At one

time I was in a tent with nine or ten persons of that name (at least they convinced me to that effect).

It so happens my birthday falls in the middle of summer — in the middle of camp season. On one of these days, I received, by mail, a nicely frosted, big, fluffy, angel-cake, together with nine candles and a few matches. The tent was rapidly filling with customers, but I didn't realize what they were after. I lit the candles, contemplated them for a minute or so, then blew them out. I then cut out a tempting morsel for myself, and carefully wrapped up the rest of it, intending to save it for a later time. But a few days afterward, a fungus colony had been established on it, so I took it back into the woods, and surrendered it to Nature.

Every week, I found pleasure in attending the Sunday-night council-fires, where stories were told and songs sung by the group, while, on a few of these occasions, brief one-act plays were enacted before the flames. At one time someone threw a bottle of ink into the fire, and sent the angry flames shooting up above the tree-tops. Panic-stricken, I dashed toward the wide-open spaces as fast as my little legs could take me, lest I be caught in the maw of a volcano. A few hours later, I was overtaken by what I thought was a bear, but what turned out to be a camp-officer detailed to bring me back to my camp; much to my relief, I found that the fire had died down to a few harmless embers.

Sundays and Wednesdays were my favorite days of the week, because on those days, chicken and ice-cream were served at the noon meal. The current cheers heard emanating from the mess-hall, during these events were: "Oh-h-h-h-h! Ah-h-h-h-h! Um-m-m-m-m!"

and "I scream, you scream, we all scream for ice-cream!" But, only the officers were permitted to have "seconds" of that palatable dessert.

At one time, the whole camp was astir over my absence. Some thought that I was lost in the woods; others looked toward the lake. There they found the answer. There I was in the middle with at least a thousand feet of water between me and the shore in all directions, and two hundred feet of it between me and the bottom; but I was bouyed up by an inflated inner tube. When I was rescued, I learned that there had been an actual case of drowning in that same pond only the day before.

During those years, now lost forever in the

past, the three most celebrated days of the year, according to my estimation were in their order: Christmas; the last day of school in June; and the closing day of camp.

I took pleasure in seeing the tents go down one after another, and to see bus-load after bus-load of merry-making ex-campers disappear down the dusty road. But best of all was to see our tent go down like the rest, our trunk, bedding, etc. packed into my father's 1926 Ford, and finally to see the camp terrain roll out from the wheels of the latter; for in another hour, I would be back among familiar faces and in a familiar and more civilized environment. But, as it goes, "With the bitter comes the sweet," so a week or two after this experience, I had to go back to school for another long year.

Gossip

Elinor Bowker, '35

Note:—This poem appeared in a recent issue of the "Scholastic."

The oak tree had four loves, the grasses say:
First Spring, with gowns of holly green and
bright

Young fingers, won her, wearied, and took
flight.

Then came that lover with his glowing ray—
Down strode the sun in blood red boots to pay
To her—no love but warmth, no gift but
light—

And yet for him she blossomed over night.
One morning, fascinated by the sway
Of branches, stopped the third; his cheeks
were soft—

This child, he asked her for a toy, and home
With acorns in his fists he ran at noon.
Last—the bold wind roughly passed her from
aloft!

He made her head leaves whisper like sea-
foam,
And now she talks of dead loves with the
moon.

Figurative Fancies

Original from English IV A-2

The sun had been warming its bed all day,
and that evening we stood at the bow of the
boat watching it prepare to retire, casting off
its scarlet garments and slipping silently
beneath the covers.

His ideas kept bubbling up like coffee in a
percolator.

A sneering wind wrenched the helpless
candle flame from its moorings and quickly tore
it to bits.

The organization is as unsystematic as a
sophomore's first geometry paper.

The fallen icicles on the snow glistened like
shining silverware on snowy linen.

His ear looked as if it had been stretched
and turned inside out.

A laugh like the chromatic scale.

Heavy winds, pierced a thousand times
through by defiant tree-tops, blundered on-
ward, sadly lamenting their fearful wounds in
tones of awful woe.

Like syrup she was sweet but was apt to
stick to you.

She wilted like a lettuce leaf.

Junior Prom*Anne Rice, '36*

The moment's here,
 He'll say to me —
 "I wonder, by any chance —
 I wish I could —
 I mean that you —
 Will go with me to the dance?"
 And then I'll stammer
 And look coy,
 And twist my handky too.
 But then, I'll smile
 And say to him,
 "I'd love to go with you."

Dreams of a Figurehead*Jeffrey Carre, '36*

The Figurehead dreams of the spaceless seas
 Sailed in her salty past,
 With the mains'l filled by a stiff south breeze
 That bent the groaning mast;
 Of the pathway cut with a long clean blow
 Through the boiling raging sea;
 Of the bleached white cliffs off the starboard
 bow
 That the breakers hammered in savage glee;
 Of the bitter fight through a sooty night
 And the fog horn's warning knell,
 Till a dull day dawned with its dim gray light
 And the watch called clear "All's Well."

He Couldn't Take It*Kimball Loomis, '36*

Oscar was an electron — you know, one of those beastly, elusive little things that cause physicists to tear their hair. He was the youngest of ten children, all boys, ranging from Oswald down through Obed, Osmond, Ormond, Obadiah, and the rest to little Oscar.

One evening, Father Ignatz sat in his proton easy chair reading the evening paper while the children lay sprawled out before the open fire. Sounds of maternal struggles with the supper dishes came from the kitchen, but outside of that, all was quiet.

The familiar quarters were very comfortable. Their house was made of steel and was round with no corners for the maid or mother to forget to dust. You see, the family's name was "Neon" and their home was the gas cylinder in the laboratory of the N. U. T. Physics Department.

Oscar got up restlessly and looked out the window.

"Dad, there's a funny looking old man with a gray beard coming into the room outside," he said. "Come here and tell me who it is."

"Oh, don't bother me," growled Ignatz

sourly. "It's probably Prof. Foozlebug coming to look around before he goes to bed."

"No, it isn't," cried Oscar excitedly. "I know him. It's some one new and he's coming this way. He's reaching out! I think he's after us! He is! He's picking the house up and taking it with him!"

Within the Neon household now reigned the greatest confusion. Every little electron ran to a window to see what was going on and Mama added to the clamor by dropping the plates. Father threw his paper to the floor and stalked to the door. To his surprise he found it locked.

"I wonder where we're going," he thought to himself.

Pretty soon they came to a large building which they had never seen before. Inside were two high metal towers with great shining globes atop. Between them was a thick tube, which had a long pipe attached to it, hanging almost to the floor.

The gray-bearded man was joined by several men, one of whom took the Neon house toward the hanging pipe. They could hear him work-

ing around the front steps and heard the welcome sound of the door opening. Of course they all rushed out to see what it was all about.

They found themselves in a long, dark tunnel. Along this they rushed until they came to another larger tunnel going off at right angles to the one they were in. Some of the family went one way, and others in another, and finally Oscar found his progress stopped by a smooth metal wall. He was tired of running, so he sat down to rest himself.

Suddenly a peculiar swishing noise was heard and a queer blue light filled the tube. Oscar felt his hair stand up on end and his whole body tingled. The swishing noise grew louder and the light increased in intensity.

Without warning, and with noise of an exploding shell, a ball of fire shot through the tube. Oscar saw it coming and tried to duck, but he was too late. The ball hit him squarely on the head and everything seemed to grow dark.

Ode to California

Roberta Cushman, '35

O California! praise lies at your door;
Your deserts weird that beckon those who
dare—
To travel o'er its hot and dusty floor,—
Your forests grand with redwoods tall and
rare.
And winding roads along a rocky pass
With banks of poppies, lupine, or of sage.
And with your snow-capped mountains there's
a mass
Of canyons, waterfalls and palms. The rage
Of ocean waters rolls and rocks your shores,
But you delight in that cool breeze it brings.
O, in the East we have not at our doors
All this; and yet enough we have of things
To satisfy. And all we ask of you
Is — boast no more and be a patriot true.

He heard voices above the swish as he passed out he heard someone say:

"Well, I guess that shot smashed the atom. Wouldn't it be great if we'd finally succeeded in knocking out an electron?"

But Oscar heard no more, and when his family gathered around they found him stretched out stiff and stark.

So they changed their name to Fluorine and took up their abode in a test tube, because, as you know, a Fluorine family has one less electron than a Neon family.

Thus ends the tale.



War

Jane Macdonald, '35

A bullet bit at his warm flesh, no cry
Of pain escaped his lips; but on he reeled
Until a shell had ripped a wound, scarce
healed,
Apart. T'was not till dawn that in the sky
A vulture sneered. He had not feared to die,
This soldier brave and young. His face re-
vealed
No sign of hate; yet there upon the field
He lay, a sacrifice to War. Oh why
Should youth be asked to forfeit life for wrongs
In which he had no part? The world gains
naught
But grief and pain when he is killed. If he
But had that life which rightfully belongs
To him, indeed if he had never fought,
Would he have lived that life courageously?

Tea for Two*Harold Blaisdell, '36*

Jingle, jangle, jamboree,
 Mother has some guests to tea,
 Cakes and tarts, dainty provender,
 Served on doilies, sewn with lavender.
 Five o'clock they trickle out;
 Pa comes home, the good old scout.
 We'll have cakes and tarts for tea,
 Left from Mother's jamboree;
 She saved some for Pa and me.

**A Rude Awakening***Olive Bowker, '36*

Snug and warm in its little bed,
 The horsechestnut raised its sleepy head
 From its satin pillow.
 "Not time to get up," I heard it say
 And with a faint yawn it sighed and lay
 Back on the satin pillow.
 And then as I sauntered slowly past
 I carelessly gave it a brutal tweak,
 I wasn't sure — but could it have been
 That I had heard a little shriek?

Sonnet
Hilda Lane, '35

Orion, standing up there in the sky,
 How far aloof from all below you seem!
 And yet I wonder if you ever dream
 Of love. And do you ever cast an eye
 At Cassiopeia sitting, head held high?
 Or ever take her out to spill the cream
 In Milky Way? Orion, do you beam
 At shooting stars as they go waltzing by,
 And smile flirtatiously? You're not so old.
 You'll live in pride for many a million year.
 Just think! When we are long since dead and
 cold
 With all our children's children multifold,
 You'll still be shining on, Orion dear,
 And watching this trite tale of life retold.

To A Hawaiian Orchestra*David Enberg, '35*

Strumming silver strings sparkle
 As shimmering sounds —
 surge sweetly —
 A serenade —
 of spring and summer,
 of softly swelling seas,
 of love — and paradise.
 Soothe and sing to me forever
 While palmy shadows sway
 Beneath a stippled starry sky
 At Malakamokalu.

Clouds*Donna Hadsell, '35*

Atop the hushèd world the white clouds sail
 As rides the early dawn upon the sky.
 I rise to meet the morn. From hill and dale
 Come fluted notes. I lift my gaze on high,
 And there a pageantry unfolds its tale
 Of gallant knights on prancing steeds upheld,
 Who ride to battle in their coats of mail.
 And Lo! A magic carpet I beheld
 Where chariots afame came rolling down,
 Gay trumpeteers who carried banners bright,
 A many colored somersaulting clown,
 Fair maidens bearing torches all alight,
 To you it is a sea of clouds — no more.
 To me — a wealth of fanciful dream-lore.



SENIOR PORTFOLIO



LORING CAMPBELL NYE

Date of Birth—March 20, 1918

Place of Birth—Watertown, Mass.

"Wit is the offspring of gayety."

"Copper" besides having been our class president for the past two years, was one of our shining lights on the football and basketball teams. He plans to attend Dartmouth next year, where we know his popularity will surely continue.

Football 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2; Track 3, 4; Gym Team 2, 3; Student Council 3, 4; Class President 3, 4; Sophomore Dance Committee; Senior Prom Committee; Junior Prom Committee; Senior Play Committee; Class Day Committee; Senior Picture Committee.

SUSAN HELEN LOOMIS

Date of Birth—April 22, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"Few can possess such qualities of cheerfulness and friendliness."

Whenever there is anything going on, "Sue" is sure to be there. No committee would be complete without her, and she is one of our outstanding athletes. Next year she will be at Colby Junior College, where we expect her enthusiasm, friendly smile and faculty for having a good time, to make her just as popular as she has always been here.

Varsity Hockey 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Tennis 3, 4; Leaders' Club 2, 3, 4; Sophomore Ring Committee; Sophomore Dance Committee; Junior Prom Committee; Senior Play Committee; Class Day Committee; Vice-President 2, 4; Senior Prom Committee; Senior Picture Committee; Track, 2, 3; Baseball 2, 3; Advocate 3, 4; Student Council 2, 4.



HARRIET MOODIE

Date of Birth—May 24, 1917

Place of Birth—Newburyport, Mass.

*"She looks as clear
As morning roses washed with dew."*

Harriet is another popular member of our class. She is noted for her happy disposition. We hear that she's a very good typist and she certainly would make a great secretary for some business man. Maybe Graydn — who can tell?

Student Council; Sophomore Ring Committee; Sophomore Dance Committee; Junior Prom Committee; Senior Prom Committee; Senior Play Committee; Vice-President 3; Secretary 4; Leaders' Club 3, 4.

WILLIAM R. KENNEDY

Date of Birth—September 12, 1917

Place of Birth—Dedham, Mass.

*"They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till seeming blest, they grow to what they seem."*

"Bill" is the sort of person one can not help liking. His continuous good nature and happy-go-lucky smile have won him many friends. He has been our faithful class treasurer for three years, and this year is President of Student Council. He has also been successful in sports, especially football and baseball. "Bill" is undecided about his plans for next year, but whatever he does our best wishes go with him.

Basketball 2, 3; Football 2, 3, 4; Baseball 3, 4; Hockey 4; Class Treasurer 2, 3, 4; Student Council 2, 3, 4 (President 4); Sophomore Ring Committee; Senior Prom Committee; Junior Prom Committee; Sophomore Dance; Advocate 3, 4; Senior Play Committee.





ANN WINTER

Date of Birth—January 14, 1918

Place of Birth—Boston, Mass.

"Of a good beginning cometh a good end."

Ann has been very busy as Editor-in-Chief of the Advocate this year, but she still has time to give every one a word of encouragement. Her lasting tan is a source of much envy. She is going to give the girls at Wheaton a "run for their money" next year. Here's to you, Ann!

Student Council 4; Volley Ball 2, 3; Leaders' Club 4; Hockey 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Advocate 3, 4 (Editor-in-Chief 4); Junior and Senior Prom Committees.

KATHLEEN LOUISE JOHNSON

Date of Birth—October 3, 1917

Place of Birth—Akron, Ohio

"Few things are impossible to diligence and skill."

When you think of Kathleen, the word ambition comes to your mind. She has done much during her high school years, besides handling the business of the Advocate. Always busy, with a clear goal in her mind, and willing to accept new responsibilities, she will be a valuable person next year when she comes back for a P. G.

Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Advocate 3, 4 (Business Manager 4); Student Council 4.



BRIAN ABBOTT

Date of Birth—August 15, 1917

Place of Birth—Canton, Mass.

*"O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength."*

We sometimes wonder if Brian has a rubber back-bone, to be able to do all the stunts he has been doing on the Gym team for the three years. We found out that he could fit into the faculty board very nicely; and the Advocate also appreciates his service on its staff. Dartmouth will claim him as a student.

Wrestling 2, 3, 4; Track 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2; Advocate 4; Junior and Senior Prom Committees; Gym Team 2, 3, 4.



BARBARA ALLAN

Date of Birth—March 7, 1918

Place of Birth—West Roxbury, Mass.

"The pursuit of the perfect then, is the pursuit of sweetness and light."

Barbara is unobtrusive, and for that very reason well liked. Always ready when you want her, capable, helpful, she makes herself felt rather than heard. Certain reports say she is particularly clever in biology and history, while her anecdotes told in lunch period betray a sense of humor and good fun. With her cheerfulness and efficiency Barbara will more than succeed at the Bridgewater Teachers' College.

Leaders' Club 4; Basketball 4; Hockey 3, 4.



THOMAS ALLARDYCE

Date of Birth—June 5, 1916

Place of Birth—Adrosson, Scotland

"We sometimes meet a perfect gentleman, who, if manners had not existed, would have invented them."

"Tom" is undecided about his plans for the future, but we know that whatever line of work he chooses he will be successful. It is that grin of yours, Tom.

RUSSELL ALLEN

Date of Birth—August 27, 1917

Place of Birth—Jamaica Plain, Mass.

"Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth. If he had any fault, he has left us in doubt."

"Rusty" has proved himself to be quite an actor by his fine performance in the senior play, and quite an acrobat by his work on the Gym team. Wherever he goes, he seems to have a thoroughly good time, and his good-natured humor is always appreciated. His plans for next year are indefinite, but his easy-going personality will carry him a long way.

Tennis 2, 4; Track 4; Senior Play; Advocate 3, 4; Basketball 3.



BERNARD W. ANDERSON

Date of Birth—August 30, 1915

Place of Birth—Middleboro, Mass.

"Whistle, and she'll come to you."

Bernard has found employment out of school, and has managed to keep up his work here as well. For three years, he has done his utmost to support the school on the gridiron and on the ice; he is responsible for a large number of our victories in these sports. We know he will be a great success at whatever he does in the future.

Football 4; Hockey 4.

RUTH ANNIS

Date of Birth—September 28, 1917

Place of Birth—St. John, New Brunswick

"Is she not passing fair?"

Ruth is a girl who never fails to have a friendly smile and word for everyone. She has a lot of personality and — we hear — definite dramatic talent. Ruth has no definite plans for next year but her friendliness ought to win her success in whatsoever she undertakes.





VIRGINIA BALFOUR

Date of Birth—October 21, 1917

Place of Birth—Revere, Mass.

*"Unthinking, idle, wild and young,
I laugh'd and danc'd and talk'd and sung."*

Virginia is noted for her good looks, vivacity, and sunny disposition. She seems to have plenty of popularity with boys, not only in our school but also in neighboring towns. This year she proved herself to be successful as one of our cheer leaders. Virginia expects to attend Miss Wheelock's School next year.

Sophomore Prom; Junior Prom; Senior Prom; Glee Club 2; Cheer Leader 4; Advocate 4; Senior Play Committee; Class Day Committee.

RICHARD BARTON

Date of Birth—December 28, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"We are but men, no gods are we."

All hail the mighty "Dick," strongest man in our class! He has been a consistently good wrestler all through High School and certainly earned his captaincy, this year. Success to you in whatever you do, "Dick!"

Wrestling 2, 3, 4.



GEORGE BEALE

Date of Birth—March 18, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

*"I am monarch of all I survey
My right there is none to dispute."*

George is one of the best natured members of the class, and what a sense of humor! If you hear much noise it's sure to be George, and we know N. H. S. will certainly be quiet next year without him. He plans to attend Northeastern.

Football 1; Hockey 1, 2, 3; Track 1, 3; Senior Play; Sophomore Dance Committee, Junior Prom; Golf 2; Class Day Committee.



RUSSELL L. BEECH

Date of Birth—December 11, 1916

Place of Birth—Needham Heights, Mass.

"A sunny temper gilds the edges of life's darkest cloud."

In all our class there is none quieter or more unobtrusive than "Russ." He is undecided about what he will do next year, but we shall not be surprised to find power hidden under his silence.

Football 2.



LLOYD BIGELOW

Date of Birth—February 15, 1917

Place of Birth—Boston, Mass.

*"He never flunked and he never lied;
I reckon he never knowed how."*

Lloyd is our intellectual genius. His name seems to be a permanent part of the Honor Roll. Next year Harvard will claim him; and his quiet and efficient ways will guarantee his success.

Baseball (Ass't Manager) 3; Advocate 4; Senior Play Committee; Senior Prom Committee; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Senior Play.

WILLIAM LANG BIGGART, JR.

Date of Birth—June 11, 1917

Place of Birth—East Orange, N. J.

"The man who wills is the man who can."

"Bill" is forever plugging away at his studies, especially Chem. We expect to have him back again next year as a P. G.; but after that, he will make a good Chemist when he graduates from a Massachusetts Extension Course, where he plans to specialize in chemistry.

Assistant Football Manager 2.



BARBARA DUNHAM BLAKE

Date of Birth—May 5, 1918

Place of Birth—Providence, R. I.

"Music is the medicine of the mind."

Although "Barb" appears to be very quiet she is a "live wire" among her friends. She did a fine job in the literary department of the Advocate this year. She can not only play the violin well, but, as was proved in the Girls' Gym Meet, she can fiddle also. She plans to attend Mt. Holyoke next year. Good luck, "Barb."

Hockey 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3; Orchestra 2, 3, 4; Advocate 3, 4; Senior Play Committee; Senior Prom Committee; Tennis 4; Senior Play.

LIBERTY BOND

Date of Birth—October 17, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"She'll find a way."

"Lib" is another athletically inclined person. She is especially good in hockey. She is one of that inseparable trio of Bond, Balfour, and Perry. "Lib's" plans for next year are indefinite. Good luck, anyway!

Basketball 2; Advocate 3; Leaders' Club 3, 4; Hockey 2, 3, 4; Sophomore Dance Committee; Senior Prom Committee; Senior Play Committee; Junior Prom Committee.





ELINOR J. BOWKER

Date of Birth—October 19, 1917

Place of Birth—Jamaica Plain, Mass.

"We poets in our youth begin in gladness."

William and Mary College, Virginia, is destined to be the proud Alma Mater of our star writer. Too bad she is going so far away from "Libby." Elinor shines in athletics, too, and has she been a help on the literary board of the Advocate! She has!

Advocate 4; Hockey 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Track 3.

CHARLOTTE BOYER

Date of Birth—November 3, 1917

Place of Birth—Norwood, Mass.

*"But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires."*

Charlotte is our striking blonde classmate who has proved her capability in both her studies and Advocate work. She had a leading part in our Senior play and certainly showed her ability in that field. We all admire and envy her her good looking knitted suits. Charlotte is going to Smith next year. We don't have to worry about her success, for it will continue there.

Hockey 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2; Junior Prom Committee; Senior Prom Committee; Leaders' Club 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3; Soccer 2; Volley Ball 2; Advocate 3, 4; Senior Play; Tennis Manager 4.



BETTY BRETT

Date of Birth—December 15, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

*"The world's a theater, the earth a stage,
Which God and Nature do with actors fill."*

Betty is one of our outstanding artists, and she even designed the hats used in the tap dance in the Girls' Gym Meet. She is always rushing about and is noted for being a good dancer! Her pep, versatility, and cheerful disposition will win her many friends at Smith next year.

Student Council 3; Leaders' Club 4; Senior Play; Senior Play Committee; Junior Prom Committee; Advocate 2, 4; Senior Prom Committee.



FRANCES ELEANORA BROWN

Date of Birth—December 22, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

Although a very quiet class member, Frances is very amiable and willing. She plans to take a P. G. course next year.





JOHN GILBERT BRYER

Date of Birth—August 17, 1915

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"There is that smile we would aspire to."

We all know John and his ready smile, and what a good track man he is. As yet he is undecided about next year.

Track 4.

WILLIAM P. BUCKLEY

Date of Birth—August 18, 1917

Place of Birth—Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

"Nothing becomes him ill that he would well."

We all know "Bill" who did such a fine piece of acting in the Senior Play. His success on the basketball and track teams proves his athletic ability; and we are sure of hearing good reports of him from Dartmouth next year.

Basketball 2, 3, 4; Track 2, 3, 4; Senior Play; Senior Prom Committee.



LORNA A. BURNHAM

Date of Birth—November 10, 1917

Place of Birth—Millinocket, Maine

"Silence more musical than any song."

Lorna has returned to us after an absence of two years, and we were glad to welcome back this quiet yet cheery young lady. Her plans are not definite for the future, but we wish her all success.

Advocate 4.



ALFRED CAPOBIANCO

Date of Birth—July 13, 1915

Place of Birth—New York

"A little man sometimes casts a long shadow."

Whenever you see "Snubby," he is usually plodding along with a cheerful look. Although his plans for next year are undecided, we wish him luck at any enterprise.



MARY CALABRESE

Date of Birth—July 8, 1917

Place of Birth—Lynn, Mass.

"Sweetness yieldeth proof."

Mary is noted particularly for her cheery smile, brown eyes, and curly hair. All who know her are aware of her willingness to help and her likeable disposition. Mary has been outstanding in athletics during her stay in High School.

Hockey 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Leaders' Club 4; Track 2.

WILLIAM S. CARPENTER

Date of Birth—May 11, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

*"In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy fellow."*

William seems rather quiet to some of us, but those who know him are of a different opinion, for he really is a lot of fun. We are told he is a valuable member of the Latin IV class because of his ability to cheer it up with his many brilliant remarks. He also took part in our Senior play this year.

Baseball 4; Senior Play.



THELMA CARTER

Date of Birth—December 19, 1917

Place of Birth—Dorchester, Mass.

*"Beautiful as sweet,
And young as beautiful, and soft as young,
And gay as soft, and innocent as gay!"*

Thelma is noted for her shining tresses and for a certain young man from Newton. We also hear that she distinguishes herself in the typing-room. Next year Thelma will be with us again as she plans to take a P. G.

Library Club 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2; Advocate 4.



HAZEL MAY CHAMBERLAIN

Date of Birth—May 13, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

*"What stature is she of?
Just as high as my heart."*

The names Hazel and Marguerite are synonymous in so far as the girls are always seen together. Hazel is one of the shortest members of our class, but we know she has a large measure of ability for whatever she decides to do.

Hockey 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Leaders' Club 4; Library Club 2, 3, 4; Track 3, 4.



JOHN GERALD CHAMBERS

Date of Birth—July 9, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

*"On every side he open was as day
That you might see no lack of strength within."*

John is one of our star athletes. He captained our championship hockey team this year, and all who saw him realized his worth on the ice. He has also shown his ability on the football eleven and baseball diamond. We have heard that he excels in tennis, but John would never let us know that—it just isn't his nature. John is undecided about his plans for next year, but there is no doubt about his success.

Hockey 3, 4 (Captain 4); Football 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Gym Team 3; Class President 2.

ELIZABETH ANN CHURCH

Date of Birth—December 20, 1917

Place of Birth—Jamaica Plain, Mass.

*"She hath a natural, wise sincerity
Of simple truthfulness, and these have lent her
A dignity as moveless as the center."*

"Bet" is very athletically inclined and goes out for practically every sport. She is especially noted for her "pep" and dancing ability. Betty plans to attend Colby Junior College and we know she will be a great success.

Sophomore Dance Committee; Junior Prom Committee; Senior Prom Committee; Leaders' Club 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 2, 3, 4; Hockey 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Tennis 2, 3, 4; Volley Ball 2; Soccer 2; Senior Picture Committee; Glee Club 2; Class Day Committee.



BARBARA COULT CLARK

Date of Birth—August 27, 1918

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

*"Her winning smile and her gleeful glance,
Like a beam of sunshine fill."*

"Sis" is a quiet person, hardly ever seen without "Marge." Her plans for next year are indefinite. The best of luck, "Sis."

Hockey 4; Basketball 4.



H. DOUGLAS COLTON, JR.

Date of Birth—August 1, 1916

Place of Birth—Brighton, Mass.

"Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius."

Though rather an unobtrusive individual, "Doug" is possessed of rare artistic ability to which anyone who has seen any of his works of art will testify. Next year he plans to attend the Massachusetts School of Art and we expect we shall soon hear of him as a noted artist.

Track 2; Sophomore Dance Committee, Junior and Senior Prom Committee; Glee Club 4; Advocate 4.



GERTRUDE ANN COUGHLIN

Date of Birth—January 25, 1918

Place of Birth—Lawrence, Mass.

*"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman."*

"Gert" is a peppy and cheerful member of our class. Although she is tiny, she is very good in athletics, especially basketball. "Gert" plans to work next year and then go to the Massachusetts General Hospital.

Hockey 2, 3; Library Club 2, 3, 4.

BURNHAM COWDERY

Date of Birth—September 19, 1916

Place of Birth—Minneapolis, Minn.

*"And all men loved him for his modest grace,
And comeliness of figure and of face."*

If you see a husky fellow wearing a white sweater and a big "D" coming down the corridor, that is Cowdery. Next year he is going to Northeastern, and then he plans to continue his career as a lady-killer.

Football 2; Basketball 2; Hockey 3, 4.



MARGARET BEULAH CURRAN

Date of Birth—October 21, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"Her smile, her face, her voice, were all temptation."

Peggy's curls are very intriguing, but we are perfectly willing to let her comb them out. Her lovely singing voice will carry her far in the world. She plans to attend Chandler's next year.

Glee Club 3, 4.



ROBERTA CUSHMAN

Date of Birth—February 13, 1918

Place of Birth—Roslindale, Mass.

"Genuine simplicity of heart is a healing and cementing principle."

Neat and attractive, thorough and earnest, with a talent for harmony in design and color, "Bert" will certainly make a successful interior decorator. She plans to study that subject next year. Anyway such knowledge will come in handy when she and ? begin definite plans for that home down Providence way.

Tennis 3, 4; Senior Play Committee.



JEAN ELIZABETH DAVIDSON

Date of Birth—November 4, 1917

Place of Birth—Jamaica Plain, Mass.

*"Her hands on the ivory keys
Strayed in a fitful fantasy."*

Jean is always dashing around and arriving somewhere at the last moment; and we marvel at the number of things she can squeeze into one short day. Not only does she play the piano for the Boys' Glee Club and Orchestra, but she is always willing to do any accompanying at a moment's notice. Next year Jean plans to attend Oberlin, where her talent and cheerful disposition will win her many friends.

Orchestra 3, 4.

JOSEPH DESOUSA

Date of Birth—February 25, 1917

Place of Birth—Allston, Mass.

"Upright and do right make all right."

Behold! a future wrestling champion. Although "Joe" is uncertain concerning his plans for next year, we know he will get along well, and our best wishes go with him.

Football 3; Baseball 3, 4.



JOSEPH DIPOLI

Date of Birth—September 1, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

*"A frame of adamant, a soul of fire
No dangers fright him, no labours tire."*

Those who have become acquainted with "Joe" and his fine qualities find his main hobby to be that of hunting. From authoritative sources, we hear that he has had better than average luck this past season. His plans are indefinite, but we imagine his main objective is to track down a bear. Good luck, Joe.

ROBERT B. DRINKWATER

Date of Birth—February 6, 1916

Place of Birth—Providence, R. I.

"He who wishes to do mischief is never without a reason."

"Drinkie" is one of the quieter members of our class. His plans for next year are indefinite, but we know that his never ending cheerfulness will help him to go a long way.

Glee Club 2, 4; Basketball 2, 4; Baseball 2.





EDNA ALMIRA EARLE

Date of Birth—August 24, 1917

Place of Birth—Boston, Mass.

"The face is the silent echo of the heart."

If someone slaps you lightly on the back as you walk down the corridor, that's Edna! Gay, laughing, full of provocative nonsense, she is always a good companion. A good singing voice and a sudden unexpected solicitude for others accompany her happy nature. After taking a P. G. course Edna plans to start a career in nursing. Loads of luck, Edna!

Glee Club 2, 3, 4.

DOROTHEA ELEANOR EVANS

Date of Birth—November 21, 1917

Place of Birth—Newton, Mass.

*"A girl who quietly winds her way
And does her duty day by day."*

"Dot" has in her quiet, pleasant manner made many friends who join in wishing her success in whatsoever she chooses to do next year.



PHILIP CLAYTON FARNHAM

Date of Birth—March 22, 1918

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

*"Whoever fights, whoever falls
Justice conquers evermore."*

"Phil" causes a good deal of noise by playing the trombone in the school orchestra and singing in the glee club, to say nothing of his laugh. His plans for next year are indefinite, but with his broad smile he is bound to succeed.

Orchestra 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 3, 4; Wrestling 2; Track 3; Sophomore Dance Committee.



NORMAN FREDERICK FAY

Date of Birth—July 28, 1917

Place of Birth—Everett, Mass.

"By the works, one knows the workman."

"Bud" is seldom conspicuous except for his laugh and well-known puns, which we all enjoy. He plans to follow in his brother's footsteps and attend the University of Maine next year.

Sophomore Prom; Orchestra 1; Track 4.





EDWARD MACKAY FETTES

Date of Birth—January 10, 1919

Place of Birth—Brooklyn, N. Y.

*"Yet they, believe me, who wait
No gifts from chance, have conquered Fate."*

"Eddie" is one of the smaller members of our class; but his size does not prevent him from being an accomplished wrestler. With his ready wit and ability in chemistry, we know he will be a success at Dartmouth next year.

Wrestling 2, 3, 4; Football 4; Track 4; Advocate 3; Sophomore Ring Committee.

JOHN WESTON FISHER

Date of Birth—August 28, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"Man's life is but a jest."

Weston is a quiet good-natured person. He spends most of his time with Christine — so ask her. Weston plans to work next year and to attend night school.



VIRGINIA GATELY

Date of Birth—August 28, 1917

Place of Birth—West Roxbury, Mass.

"A loving heart is the beginning of all knowledge."

Although "Jinnie" came to us from Natick this year, she has become popular and gained many friends. Her plans for next year are indefinite, but with her good humor and ability to make friends quickly we know she will succeed in whatever she undertakes.

Glee Club 4; Hockey 4.



RUTH GILPATRICK

Date of Birth—March 20, 1917

Place of Birth—Dorchester, Mass.

*"Sweet is the breath of morn,
Her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds."*

"Ruthie" is one of the best-liked girls in our class and one of the best students. She is noted for her sunny disposition and always wears a smile. She plans to attend the Chandler School next year. Best of everything, "Ruthie."

Leaders' Club 3, 4; Sophomore Dance Committee; Junior Prom Committee; Senior Prom Committee; Hockey 3, 4.



ELIZABETH ANNE GLEDHILL

Date of Birth—October 30, 1916

Place of Birth—Boston, Mass.

*"A witty woman is a treasure
A witty beauty is a power."*

"Libby" can be seen driving around town any afternoon or dashing about the school corridor at 8:12 A.M. She plans to attend Colby Junior College next year. Good luck, "Libby."

Hockey 2; Glee Club 3; Basketball 2; Track 2.

GEORGE GLYNN

Date of Birth—November 29, 1916

Place of Birth—Arlington, Mass.

*"He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light and ripened thought into
action . . ."*

"Gig" certainly is a very likeable person. His personality has made him a social success throughout High School. He has always been willing to help when dances come around, and he does a good deal to make them a success. To add to that "Gig" has been a valuable member of the Boys' Gym Team. Next year he will attend Wentworth Institute. Here's to you, "Gig!"

Gym Team 2, 3, 4; Football 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Track 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Sophomore Prom; Junior Prom; Senior Prom; Class Day Committee; Class Pictures.



FRED J. GORE

Date of Birth—June 19, 1918

Place of Birth—Chicago, Ill.

"Hang sorrow! care'll kill a cat."

Fred is a very active member of our class and has shown his athletic ability on the wrestling mat. His plans are to enter business next year.

Wrestling 2, 3, 4; Track 4.



BETTY BURRELL GRIFFIN

Date of Birth—April 25, 1918

Place of Birth—Brookline, Mass.

"Her hair was not more sunny than her heart."

Betty has a grand disposition despite her renown for her red hair. She is very clever in Art and we know she would be successful in that work. However, she plans to take a secretarial course at Colby Junior College next year.

Advocate 4; Leaders' Club 4; S.A.A. Dance Committee; Senior Play; Sophomore Dance Committee; Junior and Senior Prom Committees.



DONNA C. J. HADSELL

Date of Birth—August 8, 1917

Place of Birth—Roslindale, Mass.

"Virtue is bold and Goodness never fearful."

Donna is everyone's good friend! Besides sharing the under-dog's misfortune, Beth and Roberta tell us she is a sympathetic confidante and listener. She not only listens well but speaks well, too. She loves plays, acting, and likes to amuse people with her readings. With this particular talent Donna cannot help liking her work this summer at the Phidelah Rice School.

Glee Club 4; Advocate 3, 4.

MARJORIE ELLA HALL

Date of Birth—March 6, 1916

Place of Birth—Northwood, N. H.

*"I have no reason but a woman's reason—
I think him so because I think him so."*

Marjorie is a cheerful and friendly member of our class. With her agreeable disposition and her efficiency in stenography and typing we expect big things from "Marge" in the business world.



MARJORIE HAMILTON

Date of Birth—May 1, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"Honest labor bears a lovely face."

Next year Marjorie is going to Smith College, and she says she would like to be a dietitian. We agree with her there. We think she would be a good one, for she is capable, full of good sense, and ready to handle anything that comes her way. With her responsive friendliness she will have friends wherever she goes. The best of luck, Marjorie!

Glee Club 2, 3, 4.



EVELYN DORIS HANSIS

Date of Birth—June 23, 1918

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"Full of a sweet indifference."

"Edie" appears to be very quiet, but she always has a ready smile for everyone. She'll make a fine nurse with her cheerful disposition. She is going to spend another year at N. H. S. before going in training. Good luck, Evie!

Glee Club 2; Leaders' Club 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Hockey 2.



JAMES ELTON HARRIS

Date of Birth—October 2, 1917

Place of Birth—Kennett, Missouri

"In books, or works, or healthful play."

Ah! a scholar, with a style all his own, especially in writing poetry and essays. We predict a brilliant future in the professional world for "Jimmy." "The gang" will miss him, but B. U. is to be congratulated on receiving him into its midst next year. We expect to hear big things of him in college athletics, music, and oratory.

DOROTHY JANE HARTSHORN

Date of Birth—February 16, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

*"'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity,
She that has that is clad in complete steel."*

"Dot" has made many friends with her quiet humor and friendly disposition. She has a real appreciation of music; and not only does she play the violin, but we hear that she enjoys singing. She hopes to attend Northfield Seminary next year. Best of luck, "Dot."

Orchestra 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 3, 4; Junior Prom Committee; Basketball 2, 3; Baseball 3.



JAMES HEALD

Date of Birth—September 20, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

*"The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star, is brotherhood."*

Rumors that piano playing is one of "Jimmy's" pastimes have reached our ears. We foresee a large future in the business world for "Jimmy" but, "undecided" is the pronouncement from headquarters.

Baseball 2, 3, 4; Hockey 3, 4; Football 4.



GRACE HOLMAN

Date of Birth—December 13, 1916

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

*"She's always at a number of things
She studies and works and works and sings."*

It takes Grace to make things go. She's full of pep and energy and humor. Grace's parties are always a success, so we know that whatever she undertakes in the future will go over in a big way.

Sophomore Dance Committee; Hockey 2, 3; Basketball 2; Advocate 4; Senior Prom Committee; Junior Prom Committee.



PAULINE HOWLAND

Date of Birth—July 31, 1917

Place of Birth—Somerville, Mass.

*"With gentle yet prevailing force
Intent upon her destined course."*

Pauline came to us near the close of her Sophomore year, and has since won a place in the hearts of all with her sweet charm. It looks as though some business man is going to be lucky soon in having Pauline for a secretary, for she plans to attend Katherine Gibbs' School next year.

Glee Club 3, 4.

MARGUERITE HUBBS

Date of Birth—June 23, 1918

Place of Birth—Akron, Ohio

*"Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cheers our way."*

Marguerite was one of our peppy cheer leaders, and did we cheer for Marguerite, or was it Needham High? Both, I guess. Plans for the future include athletics in some form.

Hockey 2, 3; Basketball 2, 3; Baseball 2, 3; Track 2, 3; Soccer 2, 3; Cheerleader 4; Advocate 3; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Library Club 3, 4; Leaders' Club 3.



THOMAS HUDDY

Date of Birth—September 19, 1916

Place of Birth—Roslindale, Mass.

"All his faults are such that one loves him still the better for them."

"Tom" is a very interesting member of our class. He is as a whole very quiet, yet he has revealed a fine sense of humor. "Tom" has always been successful in his undertakings, and we feel confident he will continue successfully in his chosen work next year.

KATHLEEN KEOGH

Date of Birth—April 11, 1918

Place of Birth—Framingham, Mass.

*"The maid who modestly conceals
Her beauties, while she hides, reveals;
Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was."*

"Kay" is another pleasant person to know. She is also a very good basketball player and an efficient typist. With her willingness and cheerful nature she is sure to succeed.

Hockey 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Track 2, 3, 4; Chairman of Advocate Typing Board 4.





ALVIN KERSHAW

Date of Birth—January 13, 1917

Place of Birth—Watertown, Mass.

"He is a little chimney and heated hot in a moment."

"Gobby," as the boys know him, has a strong habit of refusing to read in English classes, maybe because of his sensitive blush. His future plans are indefinite; yet we feel sure he will be successful in his chosen work.

Hockey 3, 4.

PHYLLIS LACOSTE

Date of Birth—August 21, 1916

Place of Birth—Boston, Mass.

*"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."*

"Phyll," has an infectious giggle and a wonderful disposition. People with those qualities stand a good chance of success in anything. We all know that she and "Mimi" are inseparable and that they go around with twins. Good luck, "Phyll."

Advocate 4; Library Club 2, 3, 4; Debating Club 2.



HILDA LANE

Date of Birth—November 13, 1917

Place of Birth—Medfield, Mass.

*"Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name, the friend."*

You can always depend on Hilda for something different, original, or humorous, when a writing assignment is given out in English class. We enjoy hearing her appreciation of good or humorous books, and when we see her sauntering up the high school hill we know she has been to the library again. "Tillie" is a true bookworm. Whatever she does next year, that friendliness of hers will help her along.

Hockey 2, 3, 4; Senior Play; Basketball 2.



PHYLLIS LANGDALE

Date of Birth—March 26, 1918

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"A smooth and steadfast mind."

Business-like and efficient is Phyllis and pleasant to talk to. Phyllis goes on from our Commercial Course to train herself for the business world. We leave Phyllis' future "in the lap of the gods."

Basketball 3, 4; Senior Play Committee; Junior Prom Committee.





ELIZABETH LOIS LELAND

Date of Birth—October 8, 1917

Place of Birth—Jamaica Plain, Mass.

"I will point ye out the right path of a virtuous and noble education."

Inside her small person "Libby" conceals a huge amount of ambition and enthusiasm. Rather quietly she appreciates art, plays the piano well, and writes stories; but not so quietly she defends a New Hampshire town named Hancock and expostulates uselessly with a tall Senior named Elinor. Wherever she goes "Libby" will unconsciously exercise her faculty for getting her whimsical diminutive self protected. She plans to go to Mt. Holyoke next year. Keep on smiling through life, Libby!

Hockey 2, 3, 4; Track 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Debating Club 2, 3; Glee Club 4; Advocate 3.

MARGARET ELEANOR LEWITT

Date of Birth—December 22, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham Heights, Mass.

"Ever fair and ever young."

Margaret with her happy smile is one of our quiet members. She is an "honor roll" girl, so whatever she may do in the future, will surely be successful.



KERMIT A. LOCKE

Date of Birth—August 28, 1916

Place of Birth—St. Johnsbury, Vt.

"I have heard of your paintings, too."

Kermit has a pleasant disposition, and he very seldom gets angry. With his exceptional talent in art, he has made several nice posters for our proms and dances. He has also carried off prizes in different poster contests. His future may not be planned as yet, but in whatever line of work he does take up, we wish him luck.

Glee Club 3, 4.



SARAH HARMON LOTHROP

Date of Birth—August 11, 1916

Place of Birth—Medford, Mass.

"Sweetly sedate but serious."

We all admire "Sally's" quiet dignity and pleasant, low voice. She has real ability as an actress, as she proved by her good work in our Christmas play. Next year she plans to attend some business school, and we know that she will be a charming secretary for some lucky business man.

Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Library Club 3, 4; Christmas Play 4.



JANET LYON

Date of Birth—February 21, 1918

Place of Birth—East Orange, N. J.

*"Today, whatever may annoy
The word for me is Joy, just simple Joy."*

Janet's infectious laugh can be heard almost anywhere throughout the building, and her hair — oh well, some people are just plain lucky! Janet, with her cheerful disposition, will make many friends at Simmons next year.

Sophomore Dance Committee; Junior Prom Committee; Senior Prom Committee; Hockey 3, 4; Basketball 2; Advocate 3, 4.

JANE MACDONALD

Date of Birth—December 4, 1917

Place of Birth—Boston, Mass.

*"If ladies be but young and fair
They have the gift to know it."*

We are all aware of Jane's poise and dignity, and she will always be admired and well liked because of her friendliness toward all. A good time is had by all when Jane is near, for she has a fine sense of humor. Next year some lucky college will have Jane.

Glee Club 3, 4; Senior Play Committee; Senior Prom Committee; Hockey 2; Basketball 2, 3, 4.



THELMA LILLIAN MACGRAY

Date of Birth—August 27, 1918

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"Speech is great but silence is greater."

Thelma is pretty and small. Her size is a decided asset in gym, for she easily scrambles to the top of the pyramids. Good luck in the future, Thelma!

Basketball 4.



LOUISE MASTROPIERI

Date of Birth—November 26, 1918

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."

Louise's auburn hair and brown eyes are the envy of many girls. Louise is always willing and ready to be of assistance to anyone. She plans to work next year.

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NORMAN McCARTHY

Date of Birth—December 17, 1916

Place of Birth, Needham, Mass.

"We would live, merrily, merrily."

"Fido" is another one of those boys. Where would N. H. S. be without his beaming smile? We like to hear his own harmonizing effect in the Glee Club; perhaps he will be a great singer some day. Next year will see him in Wentworth, and he has our best wishes for good luck.

Wrestling 2, 3, 4; Football 2, 3; Glee Club 2, 3, 4.

EVELYN McCULLOCH

Date of Birth—June 8, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham Heights, Mass.

*"She is modern, but not bashful
Free and easy, but not bold."*

Everybody knows "Ev," and her ready and infectious smile. She is one of the most cheerful and vivacious girls in our class and a grand person. She is undecided about her future, but we know she will accomplish big things wherever she goes.

Advocate 4.



JEAN MERRILL

Date of Birth—June 26, 1918

Place of Birth—Arlington, Mass.

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

Jean is always bubbling over with "pep" and enthusiasm, whether on the hockey field or in the classroom. She grows particularly enthusiastic when talking about "Northfield" or chemistry. We expect big things from Jean next year at Wellesley.

Advocate 4; Junior Prom Committee; Track 3, 4; Baseball 2; Soccer 2; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Hockey 2, 3, 4; Leaders' Club 3, 4; Tennis 4.

MARY GRACE MOCCIO

Date of Birth—May 7, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

*"A lovely lady, garmented in light
From her own beauty."*

"Mim" is our idea of the perfect optimist for, no matter what, she always has a cheerful smile on her face. She also shines on the hockey field. Her plans for next year are undecided, but to her go our sincere wishes for the best of luck.

Baseball 2, 4; Hockey 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 4; Library Club 4; Advocate 4; Soccer 2.





WALTER MROCZKA

Date of Birth—September 21, 1917

Place of Birth—North Needham, Mass.

"The manly part is to do with might and main what you can do."

Walter is one of the "little" members of our class, but his witty remarks and lasting smile keep him constantly in the limelight. All at N. H. S. will miss him. Good luck, Walter!

Wrestling 3, 4.

EDWARD MURPHY

Date of Birth—April 26, 1916

Place of Birth—Newton, Mass.

"I dare do all that may become a man."

"Ted" is our capable track captain and one of our popular students. He plans to attend Boston University, next year.

Golf 2; Track 3, 4 (Captain 4); Basketball 2, 3, 4; Senior Prom Committee; Junior Prom Committee; Vice-President Student Council 2, 3, 4.



ALICE NIELSON

Date of Birth—May 14, 1917

Place of Birth—Lynn, Mass.

"All hearts to her inclining."

Alice, petite and jolly, may be found almost any afternoon loitering near the Chem. Lab., which is not so romantic a trysting place—but then love has no sense of sight, it is said, nor smell either, mayhap. Alice is thinking of returning to N. H. S. to continue the business course next year.

Senior Prom Committee.



BETTY NYE

Date of Birth—November 12, 1916

Place of Birth—Watertown, Mass.

"A good heart is better than all the heads in the world."

Aside from being one of our best students, Betty is always willing to help out on any committee, and whatever she is asked to do is always done conscientiously and efficiently. She is also interested in athletics and is always an enjoyable companion. Next year she plans to attend Miss Wheelock's School. We know that she will make a fine kindergarten teacher.

Hockey 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Track 2, 3, 4; Junior Prom Committee; Senior Prom Committee; Glee Club 4.



THOMAS J. O'CONNELL

Date of Birth—April 23, 1916

Place of Birth—Albany, N. Y.

"A good man is one whose goodness is part of himself."

"Tom" came to us new last year and has made a great many friends. He is interested in sports, baseball especially. He plans to attend B. C. next year.

Baseball 3, 4; Senior Prom Committee; Hockey 4.



ELLEN MARIE OLSEN

Date of Birth—December 30, 1917

Place of Birth—Dorchester, Mass.

"Few can possess such qualities of cheerful ways and friendliness."

Though "Ollie" is still undecided as to what she intends to do next year, we are sure she will succeed even though there will be no "Marge" to help her out.



PAULINE PERRY

Date of Birth—November 12, 1917

Place of Birth—Swampscott, Mass.

"Heaven hath no mouth and yet is said to smile after your style."

"Polly" can be heard laughing almost anywhere in the corridors, and close in her wake follows Liberty. "Polly's" a good dancer, too. She will make some lucky man a good secretary after she has graduated from Miss Pierce's.

Hockey 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Junior Prom Committee; Senior Prom Committee.



RAY PERRY

Date of Birth—March 7, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"The essence of humor is sensibility, warm tender fellow feeling with all forms of existence."

Ray, our class clown, plans to continue his "fooling" at B. U. Night School. After that, Ray, why don't you and Mr. Frost collaborate on a new book of old jokes?

Golf 3, 4.



TONY PIRRO

Date of Birth—September 13, 1917

Place of Birth—Yonkers, N. Y.

"Success to the strongest, who are at least, the wisest and best."

"Tony" was an outstanding member of our football squad, and also displays his ability in shorthand. "Tony" intends to find employment next year, and we all join in wishing him lots of luck.

Football 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Wrestling 2, 4.

VIRGINIA POLAND

Date of Birth—January 30, 1918

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"Vivacity is life's sunshine."

"Ginnie" is a terror on the basketball floor, but otherwise she is a rather calm young lady. She is one of those fortunate persons who has the ability to keep a straight face whenever the situation calls for it. She plans to attend Walnut Hill School next year.

Basketball 2, 3, 4; Hockey 3, 4; Track 4.



ANNA POLSELLI

Date of Birth—October 27, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

If it were not for Anna's dry humor, law class would certainly be most uninteresting. We are all pretty sure that Anna will be a success in the business world.



BRUNO POLVERINE

Date of Birth—November 13, 1917

Place of Birth—Milford, Mass.

"How index-learning turns no student pale, yet holds the eel of science by the tail."

Bruno is a very wiry member of our class. He is always in the middle of any disturbance and can be depended upon to give you a hearty laugh at any time. He, as many others this year, is undecided upon future plans.



GEORGE RICHARDS

Date of Birth—December 12, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."

"Georgie" is a person well known for his knowledge in shorthand. He also thinks he has quite a way with the young ladies. Oh well, he is going to work next year, if he can find a position, and attend Bentley's at night. Good luck, George!

JOHN RIZZO

Date of Birth—November 9, 1917

Place of Birth—Boston, Mass.

*"Up! Clouted knee and ragged coat
A man's a man today!"*

John has labored patiently as manager of our football teams in his three years, and his work has been very creditable. We feel sure he will continue successfully in his chosen work next year.



RICHARD ROBERTS

Date of Birth—January 10, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"Silence is one of the hardest arguments to refute."

Every Monday morning we see Dick faithfully playing the trumpet in the orchestra, and we all agree that he certainly can play. Blue Monday is never blue when Dick is around for he has a pleasant smile for everybody. Needham High is lucky in having him come back for a P. G. next year.

Orchestra 2, 3, 4.



FRANCES ROBINSON

Date of Birth—October 4, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

*"For there be women fair as she
Whose verbs and nouns do more agree."*

Frances is a lot of fun to be with because of her dry humor. We all admire her good looking clothes and her ability to wear them. Every year she has proved herself a success in basketball. She is undecided about her immediate plans, but here's to her success.

Basketball 2, 3, 4.



ELEANOR ROFFE

Date of Birth—September 7, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"The more the merrier."

"Ellie" is one of the peppiest members of our class. She is always busy having a good time. We all admire her ability in designing hats and dresses. Her plans for next year are indefinite; but we know that with her enthusiastic personality, she cannot help making a success of whatever she undertakes.

Basketball 2, 3, 4.

RIVA ROSSI

Date of Birth—February 27, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

*"I laugh not at another's loss;
I grudge not another's gain."*

What shall we do when there are no Rossis left in high school? Riva has carried on the tradition of the family and distinguished herself in the field of athletics. She is also very good-natured and an unfailing good sport. She does not know definitely what she will do next year, but we wish her the best of luck in whatever she undertakes.

Hockey 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2.



WALTER ROWLANDS, 2nd

Date of Birth—April 2, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"Your heart and hands were strong to clear the way."

"Wally" is noted for his very good-natured disposition, his puns, and his dry humor. "Wally" is planning to go on the Nantucket Training Ship.

Gym Team 2, 3; Advocate 3; Orchestra 2; Business Mgr. Senior Play; Business Mgr. Senior Prom; Football 2; Baseball 2.



LOUISE RYAN

Date of Birth—February 28, 1916

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

*"With hopefulness and grace
Of patience lighting up her face."*

Louise is a very friendly sort of person who always appears with a smile on her face. She is also possessed of an unfailing good nature. Her plans for next year are undecided, but these qualities ought to bring her success. Good luck, Louise!



VIRGINIA SANBORN

Date of Birth—October 24, 1917

Place of Birth—West Roxbury, Mass.

*"And the gleam of a smile, of as fair and as faint
And as sweet as the masters of old used to paint."*

"Jinny" is noted for her originality, her talent, and above all being true to herself at the expense of what others may think. Her talent shows up in her drawing and writing, and we hear she is a star German pupil, also. Next year she plans to take a course in journalism. We think she would make a good dress designer, too! How about it, "Jinny?"

Debating Club 2; Glee Club 3; Advocate 3, 4; Hockey 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3.

GEORGE SCHROEDER

Date of Birth—August 20, 1918

Place of Birth—Brookline, Mass.

"Well puts in practice what the wit deviseth."

"Wild Man," "Tarzan," or "Barrel-chest" came out this year and showed himself an all-time linesman at football, as well as a powerful wrestler. Schroeder has always been a top-notch scholar and will probably take honors at M. I. T. Glück Auf, Mein Herr!

Football 4; Wrestling 2, 3; Glee Club 2, 3, 4.



JAMES SCRIMA

Date of Birth—November 14, 1915

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

*"A man full of benevolence,
Eager for knowledge."*

"Jimmie" is one of the outstanding men of our class. Beside obtaining a good scholastic rating, he has captained our football team to one of its best seasons. He is undecided about his plans for next year.

Football 2, 3, 4; Basketball Manager 4; Track 2; Assistant Baseball Manager 3; Senior Prom Committee; Wrestling 2.

MEYER SEIGEL

Date of Birth—May 15, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"To all obliging, yet reserved to all."

Meyer is a very quiet individual, but we gain through secret channels information to the effect that he is a fine hunter and trapper. He should team up with Joe, and probably between the two they could catch the bear.





STEPHEN SIENCZUK

Date of Birth—January 1, 1917

Place of Birth—Wellesley, Mass.

"In every work that he began — he did it with all his heart, and prospered."

And here is the easy going "Steve." But don't think that he is easy going when he gets onto a basketball floor, or when he has a "willow" in his hand. "Steve" has not made up his mind about next year.

Basketball 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Football 4.

GEORGE SLACK

Date of Birth—October 7, 1917

Place of Birth—Lock Haven, Pa.

"He will find his way."

"Slackie" has ably carried on his brother's colors on our gym team. Next year he is going to enroll at Northeastern. Needham High will always be proud to call you hers, Slack.

Gym Team 2, 3, 4.



LOIS JENKINS SMALL

Date of Birth—November 23, 1917

Place of Birth—Dorchester, Mass.

"Great modesty often hides great merit."

There is no one friendlier than Lois! She always has a smile and a good word for everybody. We have inside information that she likes law, and, therefore, it is suggested that she dig into it, since her plans for next year are undecided. By the way, we envy you that wavy hair, Lois, and especially your ability to make everyone around you happy. Keep it forever!

Class Secretary 2, 3; Glee Club 3, 4; Sophomore Ring Committee; Sophomore Dance; Junior Prom; Senior Prom; Advocate 4; Student Council 2, 3; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Hockey 4.



ELIZABETH SMITH

Date of Birth—April 10, 1918

Place of Birth—Halifax, Nova Scotia

"Zeal and duty are not slow."

A good pal, always ready to go places and do things is "Beth." "Beth" knows just what she wants to do in the future, too: dance and teach others to dance. She's learning how under the instruction of Mrs. Wyman in Boston. Success to you, Classmate! We should not be surprised if we hear more about "Bett's" talent in poetry writing, also.

Debating Club 3, 4.





CHRISTINE SOULE

Date of Birth—February 20, 1918

Place of Birth—Freeport, Maine

"Begone dull care, I prithee be gone from me."

Where is Christine without Weston! Her sunny and friendly disposition are well known. She plans to work next year.

JOSEPHINE SYBIL SPEAR

Date of Birth—May 1, 1916

Place of Birth—Boston, Mass.

"I am not in the roll of common men."

Sybil is noted for her dramatic ability and her unfailing self-possession under any circumstances — oh yes! and for "Lenny." We hear that we are to have her cheery presence next year, for Sybil plans to take a P. G. course.

Advocate 3; Christmas Play; Junior, Senior Prom Committees.



MARJORIE EDNA SPICER

Date of Birth—November 27, 1918

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others."

Marjorie plans to return to take a Post-Graduate business course next year. Her skill in dramatics, exhibited in many productions of the school, in which she has been a good worker, has been appreciated. No doubt she will play her part in the game of life as well.

Hockey 3, 4.



ROGER D. STANWOOD

Date of Birth—April 2, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"Blessed is he who has the gift of making friends."

"Rog" is one of the quieter members of the class — but we hear that characteristic is evident only around school! He is interested in athletics and is a good ball player. Roger plans to attend Dartmouth next year.

Orchestra 2, 3, 4; Gym Team 2, 3, 4; Tennis 2, 3; Golf 4; Senior Picture Committee; Glee Club 3, 4; Sophomore Ring Committee; Senior Play.



CHARLES STATA

Date of Birth—April 30, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"And why should life all labor be."

"Charlie" is quite an actor — in fact he has appeared in several plays during his High School career. He always has a grin and a "wise crack" for everyone. His plans for next year are as yet undecided.

Wrestling; Gym Team 4; Glee Club.

CLIFFORD STEEVES

Date of Birth—March 9, 1918

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"Let every man look before he leaps."

Here's a happy-go-lucky chap who brightens the corridors of N. H. S. Although "Cliff's" future is as yet unplanned, we are sure his cheerfulness and willingness will carry him a long way towards success.

Sophomore Dance Committee.



MARY STEWART

Date of Birth—December 16, 1916

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"A companion that is cheerful is worth gold."

Mary is a very nice person to know, with her quiet friendliness and good-natured disposition. She has always shown an interest in athletics. We do not know what Mary's future plans are, but she certainly deserves the best.

Hockey 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2; Basketball 2, 4; Track 2, 3, 4.



HOPE TIMMERMAN

Date of Birth—August 10, 1916

Place of Birth—Scituate, Mass.

"The hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good."

Hope, a newcomer this year thinks she may play her "long suit" best to take a P. G., or perhaps she may go to Katherine Gibbs next year. Why don't you try the permanent job of getting married, Hope?



ANTOINETTE TOMAINO

Date of Birth—August 31, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"As merry as the day is long."

"Tony" is a twin. She is always cheerful and enters into everything with enthusiasm. Your sweet smile and pleasing manner will carry you a long distance in the world, no matter what you choose to do, Antoinette.

Hockey 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Track 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 4; Leaders' Club 4; Library Club 3, 4.

ELEANOR TOMAINO

Date of Birth—August 31, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"Whose life is a bubble."

"Ellie" is "Tony's" twin. Like "Tony" she has a flashing smile, and cheerful nature. Because of these qualities and her knowledge in business subjects, we expect to hear of her in the future as some executive's efficient secretary.

Hockey 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3; Track 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 4; Advocate 4; Leaders' Club 3, 4.



DOUGLAS E. VOLK

Date of Birth—October 20, 1917

Place of Birth—Rochester, N. Y.

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward."

Although "Doug" has been with us only a year, we feel that he has always been one of us. He seems to like the interior of Room 202, the Math. room, for we see him in there nearly every night.



PAUL BOYD VOLK, JR.

Date of Birth—May 11, 1916

Place of Birth—Rochester, N. Y.

"There is no difficulty to him who wills."

Paul has come to us this year from Natick. The fact that he always sticks to one thing until he gets it done ought to carry him a long way toward success.



DONALD WEBBER

Date of Birth—August 23, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"Taste the joy that springs from labor."

Donald seems very quiet, but his dry humor is well known by his friends. His plans are indefinite, but we give him our best wishes.



HOWARD WHITAKER

Date of Birth—March 26, 1918

Place of Birth—Needham Heights, Mass.

"A clear conscience is a sure card."

Full of fun and over-flowing with smiles — that's "Howie." We must not forget the blush that goes with his perpetual grin. Next year Wentworth will claim him.

Glee Club 2, 3; Senior Prom Committee; Tennis 4; Tennis Manager 4.

DELMAR F. BROWN

Date of Birth—September 10, 1915

Place of Birth, Needham, Mass.

"Silence never betrays you."

Look for "Bernie" and you will usually find Delmar near by. His plans for next year are indefinite, but his pleasant manner will surely be an asset in anything he may do.

Wrestling 4.

DAVID ENBERG

Date of Birth—July 27, 1917

Place of Birth—Peterborough, N. H.

"The wisdom of the wise is an uncommon degree of common sense."

Here is our star mile runner! David has strengthened our track team each year by his remarkable ability in this line, and he has helped a great deal in upholding the N. H. S. honors in this sport. We usually see him in the lunchroom pouring over his English or Math. Although his plans for the future are as yet undecided, he may become a pilot through the Lincoln Air School.

Track, 2, 3, 4.

JOHN WAITKUNAS

Date of Birth—April 3, 1917

Place of Birth—Needham, Mass.

"Even Palinurus nodded at the helm."

John has obtained nine major athletic awards out of a possible nine. That achievement speaks for itself in regard to his ability. His plans are undecided, but it would not be surprising if we heard from him in the sporting world.

Wrestling; Football; Hockey; Baseball; Track.

AUTOGRAPHS

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Senior Class Report

The sixth meeting of the Senior Class was called to order by the president, Loring Nye, on May 2, 1935, at 2:25.

The secretary's report was read and accepted.

The president gave a report on the class finances.

It was announced that the Class Day poem would be competitive.

It was also voted that ten dollars be appropriated for an advertisement in the Advocate.

The following people were elected to be on the gift committee: Ruth Gilpatrick, Edward Murphy, and William Buckley.

The following people were elected to be on the class picnic committee: Brian Abbott, George Glynn, and Janet Lyon.

The meeting was adjourned at 2:40.

Respectfully submitted,

HARRIET MOODIE,
Secretary.

Junior Class Report

The fifth meeting of the Junior Class was called to order at 2:35 o'clock on January 11, 1935, by the president, Chester Matthes. The secretary's report was read and accepted. The treasurer's report on the class finances was given by the president.

The general committee for the Junior Prom, elected by the class, were as follows: Walter Wertheim, chairman, Constance Hamilton, Walter Taylor, Betty Boyer, Marjorie Webber, and Mollie Stewart.

The meeting was adjourned at 2:45 o'clock.

Respectfully submitted,

MARION McNEAR,
Secretary.

Sophomore Class Report

The third meeting of the Sophomore Class was called to order by the president, John Notman, at 2:25 on January 16, 1935. The secretary's report was read and accepted. Communications were read. The treasurer then gave his report.

It was voted that the president should appoint the chairmen of the committees for the Sophomore Dance. The following were appointed:

Orchestra.....	Leonard Cronkhite
Tickets.....	Norman Silsby
Decorations.....	Frances McKean
Refreshments.....	Mavis Allen
Advertisement	Charles Morgan

It was then voted that each chairman should appoint his own committee, one person from each home room.

The meeting was adjourned at 2:40.

Respectfully submitted,

EVELYN GODFREY,
Secretary.

"The Maid and the Middy"

We never fully realized what fine work is being done in the Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs until the two-act operetta, "The Maid and the Middy" was presented by the two groups. On Friday afternoon, May 10, pupils and parents went to the Assembly Hall and were entertained by one of the liveliest and best-acted performances that we have seen in High School. The principal characters were Margaret Curran, a pretty widow, Richard Dade, an eccentric Spaniard with a parrot, Olive Donatelly and Ben Hadsell, two young lovers who had their troubles. All sang and acted exceptionally well. Lloyd Bigelow, a country "hick," provided comedy and was quite the hit of the show. The chorus distinguished itself also.

The plot concerned the misunderstandings of a sailor and his sweetheart over a certain "Anita" whom the sailor possessed, and who turned out to be only a parrot.

Clever specialty numbers were presented by Mae McPhee, Chester Williams, and a group of eight dancing girls, which added pep to the performance. Both the cast and the directors are to be congratulated for their fine work, and we hope that such a performance may be given next year.

Senior Prom

As usual the Class of '35 came through with flying colors, when they gave their Senior Prom on January 4, 1935. The gymnasium was turned into a gaily colored tent with hundreds of bright balloons suspended from the ceiling. The walls were hidden by Christmas trees. Music was furnished by Bob Adams and his scintillating orchestra, and delectable refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Pollard, Mr. and Mrs. Frost, Mrs. Nye, Mrs. Loomis, Mrs. Moodie, Miss Lewis, Miss Matheson, and Miss Gates were the chaperons.

The Junior Prom

The Juniors are to be congratulated on their smart, up-to-the-minute Prom, which was held the evening of February 1, 1935. Modernism was the keynote, carried out in black, red, and silver decorations. Balloons of these colors hung in graceful clusters from the ceiling, and black gazelles pranced gaily about the wall. The scintillating rhythms of Preston Packard's Imperial Troubadours further emphasized the modernistic strain. Refreshments consisted of punch and ice-cream. Enthusiastic reports from all who attended proclaim the success of the function.

Scholastic Honor Roll

Seniors

Brian Abbott
Charlotte Boyer
Edna Earle
Ruth Gilpatrick
Janet Lyon
Jean Merrill
Thomas O'Connell
Ann Winter

Juniors

Jeffrey Carre
Lowell Kingsley
Andrew Rosenberger
Richard Schmalz

Sophomores

Paul Bassett
Margaret Calitri
Dora Loria
Frances McKean
Ruth McKean
Marion McNeilly
John Nye
Chester Williams

Post Graduates

Henry Childs
Russell Greenhood
Neal Jacobs
Alexander Lansberg

Assembly Programs

Previous to January 7, we were somewhat vague on the subject of birds, thinking that because we could discern the difference between a robin and a bluebird, we knew all that was necessary to know about birds. Our eyes were opened by Mr. L. R. Talbot, who delivered a lecture on bird life which proved both interesting and educational. Added color was given through a series of lantern slides depicting all kinds of birds. Since that morning we have kept our eyes open and have observed many unusual characteristics of our feathered friends. If we learn nothing else during this new year, we shall have profited from having made the discovery of so much absorbing material in the study of birds.

Room 207 presented as its assembly program an interesting and amusing speaker. He was Doctor Van Valkenburg of Clark University. His talk concerned the formation of the mountains, valleys, and glaciers of Switzerland. Appropriate slides accompanied the talk. The time was much too short for Doctor Van Valkenburg to tell us all the wonderful facts he knew about the geography of Switzerland.

These Juniors certainly have dramatic talent! We have observed it before, and it was further made evident in the humorous play, "Elmer," presented by Room 210. Under the direction of Jane Thompson, the entire cast turned out a fine performance. Walter Taylor as the youthful but well-meaning Elmer deserves special mention, as do Rachel Thorpe and Mollie Stewart as the selfish twins.

"Sense and Nonsense" was Mr. Joseph Rabim's subject at the Monday morning assembly on February 11. Mr. Rabim's talk was very amusing and entertaining, but he left in our minds some serious thoughts of life. Both teachers and students enjoyed Mr. Rabim's talk immensely, and we should be very glad to have him with us again.

As amateur programs are now all the rage

in radio broadcasts, Room 301, to prove that N. H. S. is not behind the times, presented such a program for our enjoyment. After Richard Barton reeled off much spicy gossip about the students, George Beale took over the microphone and as the master of ceremonies introduced a choice selection of artists. Russell Allen's lasso act was especially appreciated. The prize for the best performance, however, was accorded to Bill Buckley who, believe it or not, turned crooner.

Lucky were the students who heard on a recent Monday morning, Miss Bessie L. Paine of Portia Law School, who spoke on "Law as a Profession." Miss Paine presented many interesting ideas on the subject of law and proved to everyone that it is a very admirable and worthwhile profession for women as well as men. We presume that many of those who heard the talk and have heretofore been undecided concerning a future career profited by Miss Paine's inspiring talk.

The Sophomores are of a musical turn, it appears from the variety of musical programs presented by that class in its home-room assemblies. Room 105 offered us two charming singers, Virginia Hamlin and Ben Hadsell, who entertained us with several popular selections. Martha Hoyt added a humorous touch to the program with two clever readings, which convulsed the audience.

Room 107 presented a great deal of talent in its assembly on April 1. The mistress of ceremonies, Mary E. O'Connor, introduced Professor Greene, who lectured for two minutes very seriously on the problems of High School students. This turned out to be an April Fool Joke with Jack Notman, in disguise, as the lecturer. Next, the home room orchestra played a selection. Following this, several pupils talked briefly on their hobbies. Ruth Peare and Betty Marshall each entertained with vocal selections, and the program ended with a number by the orchestra.

The assembly for April 8 was presented by Room 110. The program started with two accordion solos played by Chester Williams—"St. Louis Blues" and "Isle of Capri." Then Mr. Edmund Squire of the Allen-Squire Co. delivered a talk on "The Manufacture of Shoes." Mr. Squire had with him a very interesting exhibit of shoes in the various steps of their manufacture from the uncut sole to the finished product. He showed how the shoes were put together, making us realize the length of time and the trouble involved. The talk was greatly appreciated by the school. The program was concluded with another accordion solo by Chester Williams.

The post graduates presented for our entertainment a musical program in the assembly hall on May 6. The program began with Russell Greenhood's playing three piano solos—"Manhattan Serenade," "Lost in the Fog," and a medley of several tunes. Next the P. G. orchestra honored us with several selections, among them, "Soon" and "It's an Old Southern Custom." And then that old crooner, none other than Arthur Owens, offered two vocal solos—"I Was Lucky" and "I Believe in Miracles," accompanied on the piano by his sister, Jean. The hit of the program was the final selection, "What's the Reason?" sung as a duet by the Owens team.

We are certainly learning much about leather this year. On May 13, Mr. Herbert L. Stevenson spoke to us on "The Romance of Leather." He began by saying that if he could not show us romance in the preparation of leather he would eat the paper on which the words were written. That was not at all necessary, for Mr. Stevenson proved that there is as much romance in the leather business as in any other trade. He traced the development of its preparation from way back in early Biblical times up to the present. We all profited from Mr. Stevenson's inspiring talk, and we hope that we may have the pleasure of hearing him speak again.

One of the most interesting and educational programs presented in the assembly hall this year was that given by students of the New England Conservatory of Music. The gifted performers offered many well-known and delightful selections. The presentation began with Ponchielli's "Dance of the Hours," played by a trio, with Peter Walters, pianist; Leigh Elder, 'cellist; and Harry Van Horn, violinist. This was followed by two selections by Miss Eleanor Stuter: "The Little Shepherd," by Watts; and "Clouds," by Charles Nest. Miss Lydia Hynckley performed on the violin, playing Schubert's "Ave Maria," and Kreisler's "Liebers freude." The program ended with two piano solos by Peter Walters: "Rondo Capriccioso" from the works of Mendelssohn, and Liszt's "Valse Oubliee." The presentation received much applause, and everyone was sorry that lack of time prevented further entertainment.

A Debate

On Friday evening, May 3, members of the Debating Club engaged in a debate against North Attleboro. The question to be debated was: Resolved, That the Federal Government should adopt the policy of equalizing educational opportunity throughout the nation by means of annual grants to the several states for public, elementary, and secondary education. The affirmative, taken by Needham, was represented by Gould Hulse, Walter Taylor, Andrew Rosenberger and Gilbert Tougas; the negative, taken by North Attleboro, by Alton Darrah, Boyd Cheney and Alton Dodge. The chairman was Paul Bassett of Needham, and the judges were Mr. Raymond L. Chapman, Miss Laura Willgoose, and Reverend James MacDonald. The debaters on both sides did excellent work, and, though North Attleboro won, it was very difficult for the judges to choose. We know that everyone who attended the debate was very well paid for his effort.

N. H. S. Through a Keyhole

Well, this is the old Eavesdropper still hanging on. We promised to give you a line on the Sophomores this time so we "snuck" down in the deep dark corridors of the first floor and this is what we saw.

Their prize romance seems to be that of Ruthie McKean and Dick Dade, who are always to be found together. Really, their devotion to each other is touching! Betty Marshall is practically always to be seen surrounded by a group of admirers (sophomores, juniors, and seniors) and does she hand them a line! . . . Marcia, who temporarily abandoned the Beau Brummel of Needham High for those of Dover has returned to the fold, attracted by one of our social lions (get the pun?) . . . Oh, dear me, we nearly forgot about Hollis and Ruthie! Here's a romance for you — we hear that they do their German homework together. Brian Abbott can usually be found during recess engaged in a lively conversation with one of the most devastating of the Sophomore belles, but 'tis said he plays second fiddle. How about it, Susie?

Cupid certainly played a mean trick this spring smashing one of the most promising romances in the Junior Class. Betty and "Timmy" decided to call it quits. Ah me, but that breaks our heart!

Virginia and Teddy are still fighting and making up again. At the time this is being written everything is "hunky-dory" between those two turtle-doves, but by the time its gets into print they probably won't be speaking.

. . . Here's a shock; it appears that "Dougie" Colton is quite a flirt! You ought to see him with Jane!

. . . Bill Buckley ought to be quite an actor by the time he gets through acting in plays in the English IV class. To date he has played several society gentlemen, Beau Brummel, and has even had a whack at Hamlet!

Suggestion for the Senior Class gift: a ducky little museum in which to put all our athletic trophies. At the rate we have been winning them this year the cabinets will soon be full to overflowing.

Tommy Murphy seems to have been seized by a great attraction for his old Alma Mater lately. Three guesses why.

This will have to be all for now, as we have just time to run out and buy ourself a new ear-phone so we can listen in on a Faculty Meeting and discover what the Powers That Be think of our antics.

The Sophomore Dance

The Sophomore Dance was a success and a credit to those who planned it. The decoration committee decided on black and white for the decorations, which were very original. A large square covered with black crepe paper and silver moon and stars was suspended from the ceiling in the middle of the room. From this, twisted strips of black and white crepe paper were stretched to the sides of the gym. All around the walls were black silhouettes of houses and churches. Bob Cook's orchestra provided the music, and refreshments were served.

Attendance Honor Roll

Post Graduates

Alexander Lansberg

Seniors

William Biggart
Thelma Carter
Douglas Colton
Margaret Curran
Joseph DeSousa
George Glynn
Evelyn Hansis
Thomas O'Connell
Jean Merrill
Riva Rossi
Roger Stanwood
Paul Volk

(Continued on Page 69)



The Red and Gray — Fitchburg, Mass.

Good Literary and Joke sections. The Rogue's Gallery is a very original idea.

The Screech Owl — Maynard High School

Very good short stories. How about a poetry corner?

The Semaphore — Stoughton

Good review of Sports. Clever title "Senior Log."

The Meteor — Berlin, New Hampshire

Very interesting Editorials. The Hall of Fame is a good idea.

The Voice — Concord High School

Interesting way of summing up the big football game of the season. One or two short stories would improve your paper.

Boise High Light — Boise, Idaho

Articles written up in very interesting form.

The Sassaman — Natick High School

Good, newsy little paper! How about a few poems?

The Sentinel — New Haven High School

Couldn't find a fault in your paper. Every article was of interest.

Sachem — Middleboro High School

Poems are excellent. Not a dull moment in your whole magazine. Placing of the jokes is original.

"The Nutshell" — Moorestown, N. J.

Your covers are very attractive and your short stories are splendid. We should suggest a few more departments.

"The Dial" — Brattleboro, Vermont

We especially enjoyed your Robert Frost number — a very unique idea! The "cuts" and the cover were very attractive. How about a few more stories and departments?

"The Meteor" — Berlin, New Hampshire

We were especially pleased with the book reviews. May we suggest more stories?

"The Unquity Echo" — Milton, Mass.

Your stories and poems are splendid, and the editorials good, too.

"The Oracle" — Rensselaer, N. Y.

Your stories and editorials were interesting. Your cover was unique. How about more Sport News and less gossip about schoolmates?

"Spotlight" — Crawford, New Jersey

We liked your magazine but were disappointed not to find an Exchange Department!

"The Wampatuck" — Braintree, Mass.

Your stories and poems are splendid and we liked the general make-up of the magazine.

Flashes — Spanish Fork, Utah

We certainly were interested to read your paper. Congratulations on your new gym and auditorium. A very good paper, too.

ALUMNI

Well, here is the old Alumni Department back with a different type of news. In the Christmas issue of "The Advocate" we told you what schools various alumni were attending and a few of the highlights of their college careers. In this issue we are going to give a few of the sidelights.

First, we are going to congratulate ourselves concerning several prophecies we made about Raleigh Glynn. He *did* make the B. U. Dean's List, and he *is* showing a clean pair of heels to his track competition. Raleigh reports that he saw "Bobby" Gage while up at Mass. State, and that all the time "Bobby" is away from Needham he suffers from "heart trouble."

The Class of '33 held a little reunion at the golf club a few months ago. Those attending were Phyllis Brown, "Betty" Hubbell, Agnes Gillespie, Clare Sturtevant, Mary Willett, Dorothy Crowley (and Betty Brett, Virginia Gately, Betty Griffin of the Class of 1935); "Brud" Deering, Gene Gordon, Howard Cole, Bertram Nickerson, "Gus" Fay, David Wood, Albert Hopson, "Bobby" Ross, "Jimmy" Turney, Ralph Adams, and "Ken" (Phyllis' property). "Brud" Deering, our former sturdy center, was bowled right over by one of the little Senior girls and spends most of his time writing to "Ginny" G., we hear.

Ralph Glidden spends his time riding and writing to Needham from Norwich University. We understand that "Ralphie's" ambition is to become a doctor.

"Jack" Glidden has returned from Florida and was "among those present" at the Totem Pole with "Ellie" Snow one April night. We also saw there Harry Leach, "Brud" Deering, "Eddie" Starkweather, John Kalinowski, and Marquis Graham with their respective Needham lassies.

"All hearts to her inclining" — yes, that's

our old friend "Lukie" Allen, now at Westbrook Junior College. We know a joke about "Lukie," too. When she came home for a brief vacation an item to that effect appeared in the local papers — under the fire news! (which only proves that we can read!)

"Howie" Cole and "Genie" Gordon have become staunch and unswerving sons of Colgate. "Howie" won't brush his teeth with anything else now.

Edgar Butters won a prize of some sort for his brilliance at Rutgers. We want to give you a tip, Edgar: Ask Miss Fessenden about her scheme for picking out the ones who will be brilliant at college.

"Bobby" Slack at Huntington is still the supreme gymnast and has been winning points in diving contests. "Bobby" is also seen at Betty (or rather Audrey) Marshall's quite frequently, but that is too long a story to tell here.

"Don" Litchfield is at Bentley Night School and doing fine work. But we want to tell you of his progress in the Order of DeMolay. He has the Master Councilorship already in view, and will soon have his Blue Key. Sometime we hope you'll be a Legionnaire in the Legion of Honor, Donald.

To "Carki" Tracy and "Eddie" Tribble, President and Vice-President of the Anti-Woman League, we're sending in twelve applications for membership right now — I hear you strained your eyes, "Carki," from over-study, I suppose.

Well, my friends — if you can think of any more Alumni (or any other) gossip — just bring it up to the High School, whisper it to one person, tell him not to repeat it — and very shortly we all shall know about it. Thank you.



Diamond Reminiscences

David Murdoch, '21

Not until the other day when I was approached by a young lady who represented herself as the Alumni Editor of the Advocate did 1921 seem very much in the past. Somewhere she'd found out that I captained Needham High's baseball team that year. She wanted me to write a story about that team for the Advocate. When she told me what she wanted I felt as though she'd said, "Grandfather, tell us how they did things in your day." When I actually came to writing the story I felt even older than that.

About the season itself I remember little. We won as many as we lost and we beat Wellesley. That last was all that was expected of any Needham team. Beat Wellesley and you'd had a successful season.

The makeup of the team remains more firmly in my mind than does the history of it. Patrolling the far gardens were Russell Emery, Herb Dodge and "Fat" Fairbanks. In those days we played at Green's Field and that fence in right field was a regular "Duffy's Cliff." Fairbanks could play that tricky field like no other fielder I ever saw. Cyril Newcomb was the mainstay of our pitching staff and Tom Korey was his battery mate. I played first base, Camp Jones played second, Caulton decorated the hot corner and the other Fairbanks brother, "Rocko," played short stop. Al Weston, later to become one of Needham's football immortals, also played with us as did Marcel Johnson.

To this point I have neglected to mention one most important cog in that machine; our coach. We were instructed in the finer points of baseball strategy by none other than your present faculty manager of athletics, Mr. Fred L. Frost, or as he was known out of his hearing, "Jack" Frost. (I can hang that nickname on him in perfect safety now that I'm beyond his sphere of influence.) His pointed remarks about the brains, or rather lack of them, we showed at times were a constant source of amusement. Amusement, that is, to all except the unfortunate pastimer in whose direction the quips were aimed.

"Jack's" particular forte was the deflation of swelled heads. Those things are pretty common among all athletes and were not exactly scarce with us. None of these exaggerated opinions lasted very long, however. When the balloon of self-opinion got nice and fat along came "Jack" and stuck a pin in it.

We may not have set any records or brought home any championships but we had a lot of fun. That, after all, is what we were out for.

The "Steins"

John Russell

A peculiar family, the "Stein."

There are Ep, Gert, and Ein.

Ep is a statue maker

But Ein is a brain breaker.

You can write a pile

In Gert's style.

A joke is a joke is a joke is a hoax.

I think they are trying to kid the folks.

Attendance Honor Roll

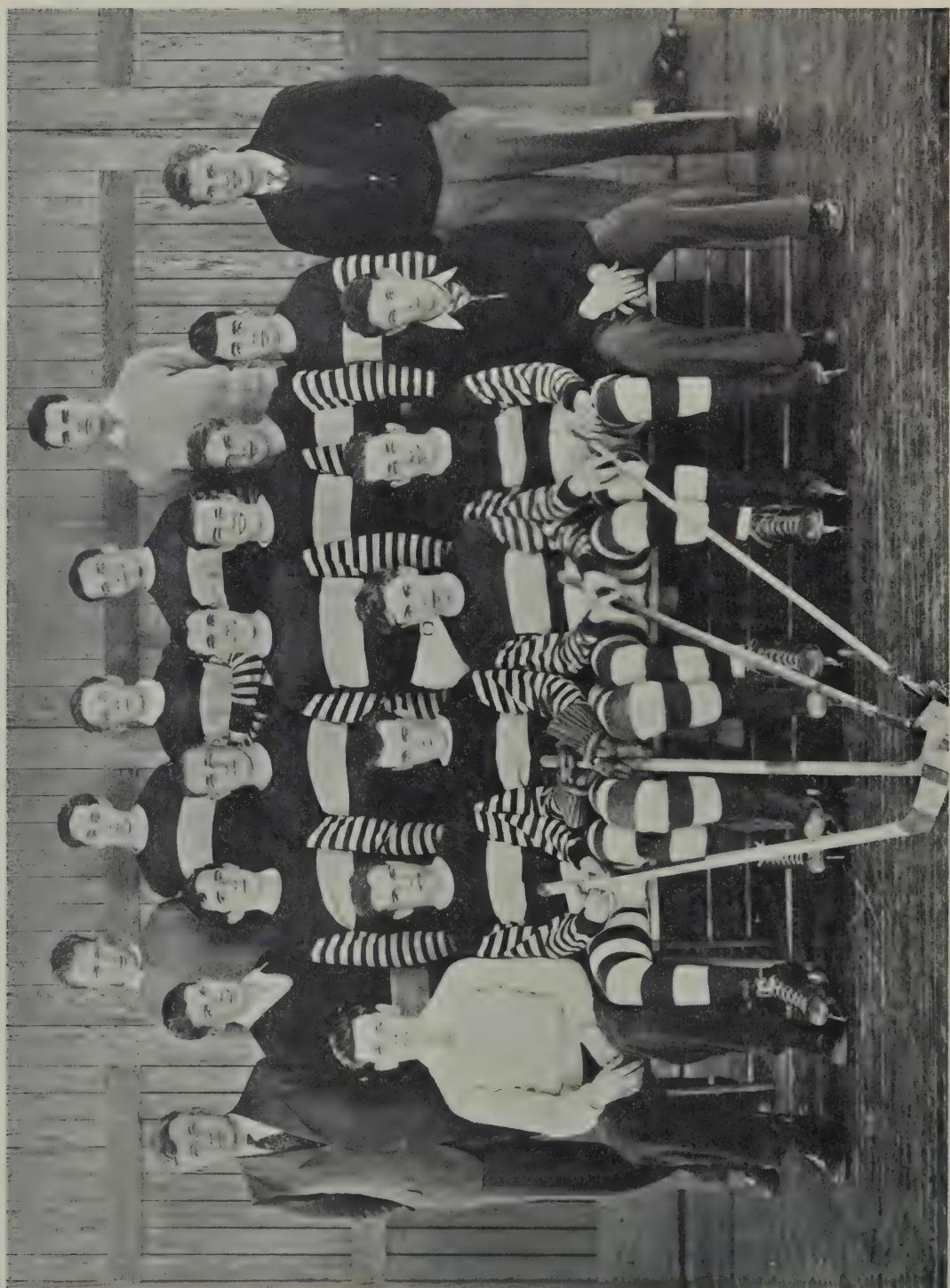
(Continued from Page 65)

Juniors

James Anderson
Greta Brown
Mildred Buerkel
Jeffery Carre
Marjorie Cassidy
Rosemary Dodd
Harriet Donald
Marion Fairbanks
Donald Gilfoy
Malcolm Hersome
Lowell Kingsley
Robert Marshall
Dorothea Mooney
Louis Perrotti
Charles Powell
Robert Sayce
Charles A. Stark
George R. Tony
John Taylor

Sophomores

Mary Bejoian
Margaret Calitri
William Condrin
Richard Dade
Adele Ferrara
Lillian Hauptman
Fred Kerrissey
Harriet Hines
Emeny Miano
Elsie Monahue
John Notman
Phyllis Nute
Mary C. O'Connor
Ruth Peare
Myrtle Pollard
Norman Silsby
Edna Richards
Stella Sienczuk
Raymond Squires
Ruth Trow
Chester Williams
Ruth Vining
George Young





SPORTS

The Needham High School hockey sextet romped home with the championship of the Bay State Hockey League this year. Every game was thrilling as well as spectacular, and all the boys who played any part in the promotion of this activity are well deserving of praise.

The first encounter was with Watertown. The blue and white jersey boys of Needham literally swamped "Goalie" Reed of Watertown. Six hard shots were too hard for Reed to handle and resulted in six goals for Needham. Needham held Watertown scoreless and won the first game 6-0. Dodge, George Hasenfus, and Chambers were the scorers.

Waltham was our next opponent and had a powerful offensive team. The game was packed with thrills and spills and proved a hectic session. This game constituted a record for the most goals scored in one game with a total of 11. Needham lost out, 6-5, but was deserving of commendation.

Framingham came next in order, and, as a result of two quick goals by "Walt" Hasenfus and Johnnie Chambers in the first minutes of play, Needham, never relinquishing the lead, was able to gain the decision. Cassidy scored for Framingham late in the second period and ended the scoring for the day. Needham had won 2-1.

Our worthy and ancient rival, Wellesley, was met on the Arena surface the next week. Juliani opened the scoring for the afternoon with a terrific angle shot that beat "Dick" Schmalz in the first period. John Chambers and Juliani were opposing quarterbacks on the

gridiron, and John must have resented Juliani's goal because it resulted in two beautiful solos that Chambers tallied twice to put Needham ahead and winner, 2-1.

Quincy had been considered a very weak team until they played our boys, and at that point they proved quite a thorn in the local stride for honors. Needham led 3-0 at the beginning of the final period, and it was at this late stage that Quincy evened the score. With less than two minutes of play remaining, and everyone in a state of consternation, George Hasenfus packed home a goal from scrimmage in front of the Quincy net, and again Needham won by a one point margin, 4-3.

"Walt" Hasenfus was the star of the engagement with B. C. H. in so far as he scored Needham's only goal of the afternoon on a pass from "Johnnie" Chambers in the first period. Late in the game Boston College High sent six men up the ice in an effort to bombard Schmalz with plenty of rubber. The attempt proved fruitless and Needham hung on to the long end of a 1-0 score.

The game with Walpole was the final regular game of the season. Each team was attempting to raise its final standing in the league before going into the playoffs.

In the first period Baronowski drove a terrific shot from the blue line, and it dropped in the net for the first Walpole score. In the second period J. Chambers drove home the puck, and in the final canto Walt Hasenfus put the blue and white ahead with a quick back-hand shot from scrimmage, making the score 2-1 for Needham.





Playoffs

Needham was pitted against Walpole in the first play-off, while Framingham was crossing sticks with Waltham.

Walpole led at the close of the first period 1-0, and extended its lead to 2-1 at the end of the second.

The final period will always be a vivid remembrance to those who attended the game. Walt Hasenfus fed the puck to G. Hasenfus and again to Chambers to put us in the lead, 3-2. The second line increased our score, 4-2, when Kershaw assisted Beale in the final goal. This victory enabled us to go against Waltham the coming week and fight for the championship of the league.

The championship game was played before a huge gathering, mostly local hockey followers. Waltham drew first blood by scoring in the first period and twice in the second period, giving them a 3-1 lead, our goal being scored by Chambers. At the beginning of the third period W. Hasenfus fired a shot from center ice which trickled lazily under Goalie Berry's stick, making the score, 3-2, Waltham.

G. Hasenfus scored the equalizer as a result of a pass from cousin Walt. With seven minutes remaining, Chambers soloed to put Needham ahead 4-3, but the machine did not stop there, and Chambers again scored before the bell sounded, reverberating our victory and championship.

Wrestling

Again our wrestling squad went through a successful season under the direction of Mr. De Fazio. This year our boys were winners of the trophy emblematic of the championship of the Old Colony Wrestling League of which Needham, Quincy, North Quincy, Weymouth, Hingham, and Watertown were members.

Our boys lost only one match and that was a very close contest resulting in a 16-15 decision in favor of North Quincy. At the close of the regular season Quincy and Needham were tied for first place, which tie necessitated our wrestling Quincy in our gym for the championship. We were victorious this time, 14½-10½, and with this victory we became champions of the league.

The matches and results were as follows:

Needham 21	Watertown 8
Needham 16	Weymouth 11
Needham 15	North Quincy 16
Needham 16	Quincy 11
Needham 23	Hingham 3
Needham 19½	North Quincy 9½
Needham 14½	Quincy 10½

The following boys comprised the team:

Lothrop 95 lbs.	Hazard 135 lbs.
Calitri 115 lbs.	Nigro 145 lbs.
Fettes 125 lbs.	Barton 155 lbs.
Marselli	Heavyweight

Other members of the squad were Perrotti, Chiappisi, Gore, Toney, Macomber, and Semple.







Basketball

Although Coach Claxton had but three of last year's letter men available for basketball this year, our team made a very creditable showing. Holliston, flashing a team much superior to that of last year, avenged the 1934 loss which they had sustained at our hands.

We won two games from Brookline to compensate for the two losses which they pinned on our team last year.

A new rival was introduced to the schedule this year, Weymouth. This team was quite a bit too strong, but we hope that it is on the schedule for next year, for revenge is sweet.

The best game of the season from the spectator's point of view was the second Natick game. This aggregation had been rated as one of the best small teams in the state. All through the game neither team was ever more than a few points ahead of the other. Tied at 22-22 at the end of the game, Natick forged ahead and won by one point, while the crowd behaved in a decidedly explosive manner.

Wellesley was another improved team, and our arch-rivals took two games from our team near the close of the season.

We ended the season happily, with a victory over Dedham. The game was hard fought, as

you may judge from the 19-17 score, but a victory nevertheless. It marked the last game for several of our basketeers: Loring Nye, William Buckley, Stephen Sienczuk and "Ted" Murphy.

Schedule:

Jan.	3	Needham	29	Holliston	36*
	8	"	27	Milton	18*
	10	"	20	Walpole	33
	15	"	25	Brookline	22*
	18	"	16	Natick	43
	22	"	31	Weymouth	42*
	29	"	19	"	54
Feb.	6	"	35	Walpole	14*
	8	"	24	Natick	25*
	11	"	15	Brookline	10
	16	"	21	Wellesley	23*
	18	"	37	Babson	48*
	28	"	42	Faculty	23*
Mar.	1	"	15	Wellesley	33
	8	"	19	Dedham	17

* Home games.

Some Statistics

Needham won 6 games; opponents, 9.

Needham scored 375 points; opponents, 441.

High scorers:

Stephen Sienczuk	82
Stephen Bielski	80
Frank Sherman	66
Loring Nye	61

The second team won only one game — against Milton.

Letter Men

Loring Nye

Stephen Sienczuk

William Buckley

Frank Sherman

Ted Murphy

Stanley Hollis

Stephen Bielski

James Scrima, Manager





Track

Although we lost heavily because of graduation, Captain "Ted" Murphy will lead a very creditable track team through its schedule of worthy opponents. In the Inter-class meet, the Sophomores scored a mere 4 points, while the Post-graduates, ineligible for meets with other schools, scored heavily, showing that the team lost more than it gained by graduation.

Capt. Murphy promises to be a high-point scorer in the "100," with Phil Butters and Leonard Cronkhite also running fast time in this event.

"Kim" Loomis, pushed the whole distance by Norman Fay, ran a splendid race in the "220."

In the quarter-mile and half-mile distances most of the runners are new and experimental, but Lowell Kingsley and Jimmy Harris will be "stepping out" in the shorter distance, in an attempt to make up for graduation's losses.

In the "880," Don Gilfoy, Charley Morgan, Walter Taylor, and Fred Gore are potential winners.

In the mile run we can rely on Sam Wilson, with John Bryer and David Enberg striding along for points.

In the field events the high-jump appears to be our best hope, with "Bill" Buckley, "Noppy" Price, "Jimmy" Harris, "Copper" Nye, Phil Butters, and Vincent Butler.

"Copper" Nye, "Jimmy" Harris, "Ted" Murphy, Lowell Kingsley, and George Glynn will represent the team in the broad-jump.

The "strong boys" in the shot-put are "Ton" Andruckovicz, George Glynn, Tom Marselli, George Toney, and Roger Stanwood.

It has been a long time since Needham has gone without a ten-foot pole vaulter, and we certainly won't this year with "Andy" Rosenberger, "Sticker" Brundrett, George Beale, and Eddie Fettes on the job.

Baseball

This year a large squad reported for practice. However, despite the many candidates we found ourselves confronted with the problem of finding an effective pitching staff. The catcher's berth was taken care of by "Red" Strong behind the bat. Johnnie Chambers covered the first base section for his third consecutive season. Second base was quite a problem since "Bill" Kennedy, last year's regular keystone man, was not available; however, Laurence Nigro filled in and has been a consistent cog in the team's progress. 'Chet' Matthes is right at home covering the short field, and along with "Chet," "Jim" Heald covers the third base. Our outfields are all capable men. Hollis is guarding the left portion. De Sousa is roaming the center field position, while "Tom" O'Connell is playing in right field. The pitchers, Kershaw, Sienczuk, Schmalz, and W. Hasenfus, have become more acquainted with their responsibilities and have proved very effective of late. The games so far this season have resulted as follows:

Needham 7	Braintree 10
Needham 4	Natick 5 (10 innings)
Needham 2	Dedham 18
Needham 6	Wellesley 5 (10 innings)
Needham 4	Walpole 5 (11 innings)
Needham 12	Natick 4
Needham	Dedham
Needham	Holliston
Needham	Holliston
Needham	Walpole
Needham	Norwood



The letter men are:

Chambers
Strong
Nigro
Matthes
DeSousa
Heald
Sienczuk
Shaldone
Hollis
O'Connell
Kershaw
Schmalz
W. Hasenfus



Sports Column

Needham won six out of seven of their scheduled hockey games by a mere one point margin; yet in the play-offs there were two or three goals separating winner and loser.

The blue and white were represented by four boys on the Bay State Hockey Team, namely, Dodge, Walt Hasenfus, "Pucky" Hasenfus, and John Chambers.

"Pucky" Hasenfus led the league with penalties. He spent seventeen minutes in the penalty box, during the regular season.

Sam Wilson is proving work can be mixed with play. Sam is one of our local haberdashers who works every afternoon except when we have track meets scheduled. He certainly finds time to train and has been undefeated so far this season.

Needham has evened athletic victories with Wellesley for the current year by defeating them 6-5 in baseball. They defeated our Thanksgiving Day team and won decisions over our basketball quintet, but our hockey and baseball boys avenged these defeats.

Jimmy Harris proved himself quite a high jumper at Harvard and cleared 5'-7" measured height.

Our tennis boys are proving a capable group of players under the guidance of Mr. Pollard.

Ashley Hazard surely proved his ability in the "grunt and groan" game by pinning all his opponents the past season.

It was quite disappointing to us that our boys were unable to enter the Tufts wrestling carnival. Incidentally North Quincy won the meet and if our memories are accurate our boys defeated North Quincy for the Championship.

This year we have a sophomore team which has been highly successful in contests against Newton Junior Varsity and the Needham Junior High. It is the aim of this group to gain experience for varsity competition in the next two years.

Tennis

This season our tennis team was confronted with a very rigorous schedule, and, although at this writing the boys have won but one out of five games, they are well deserving of praise.

The boys playing prominent parts in this sport are Tougas, Anderson, Allen, Bassett, Nye, and Whitaker.

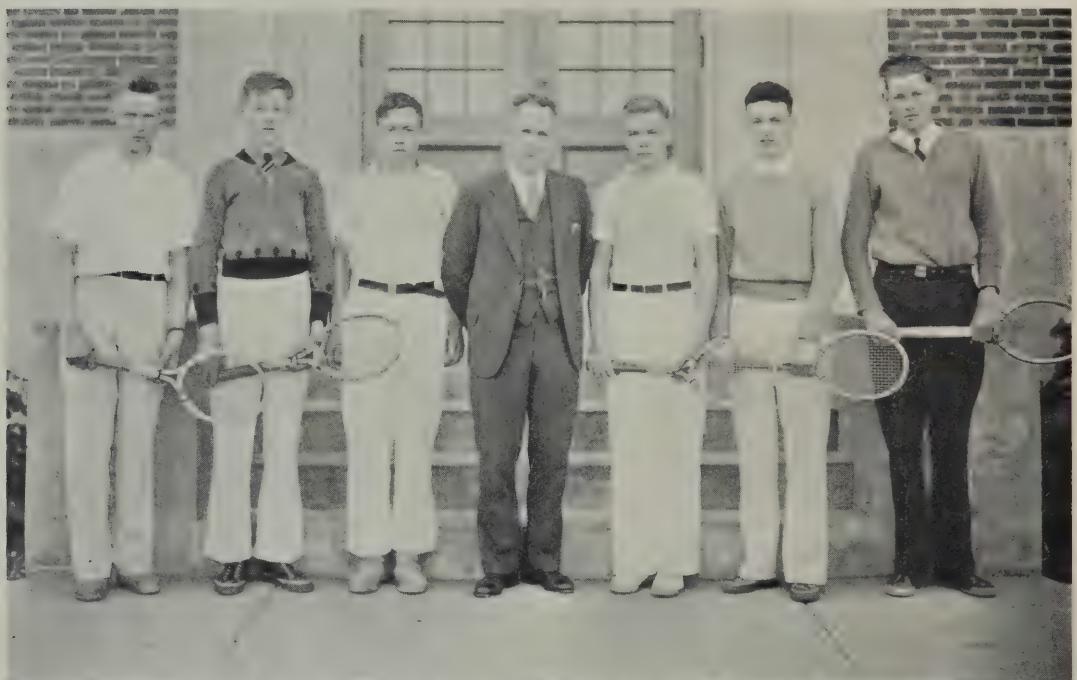
The schedule was arranged as follows.

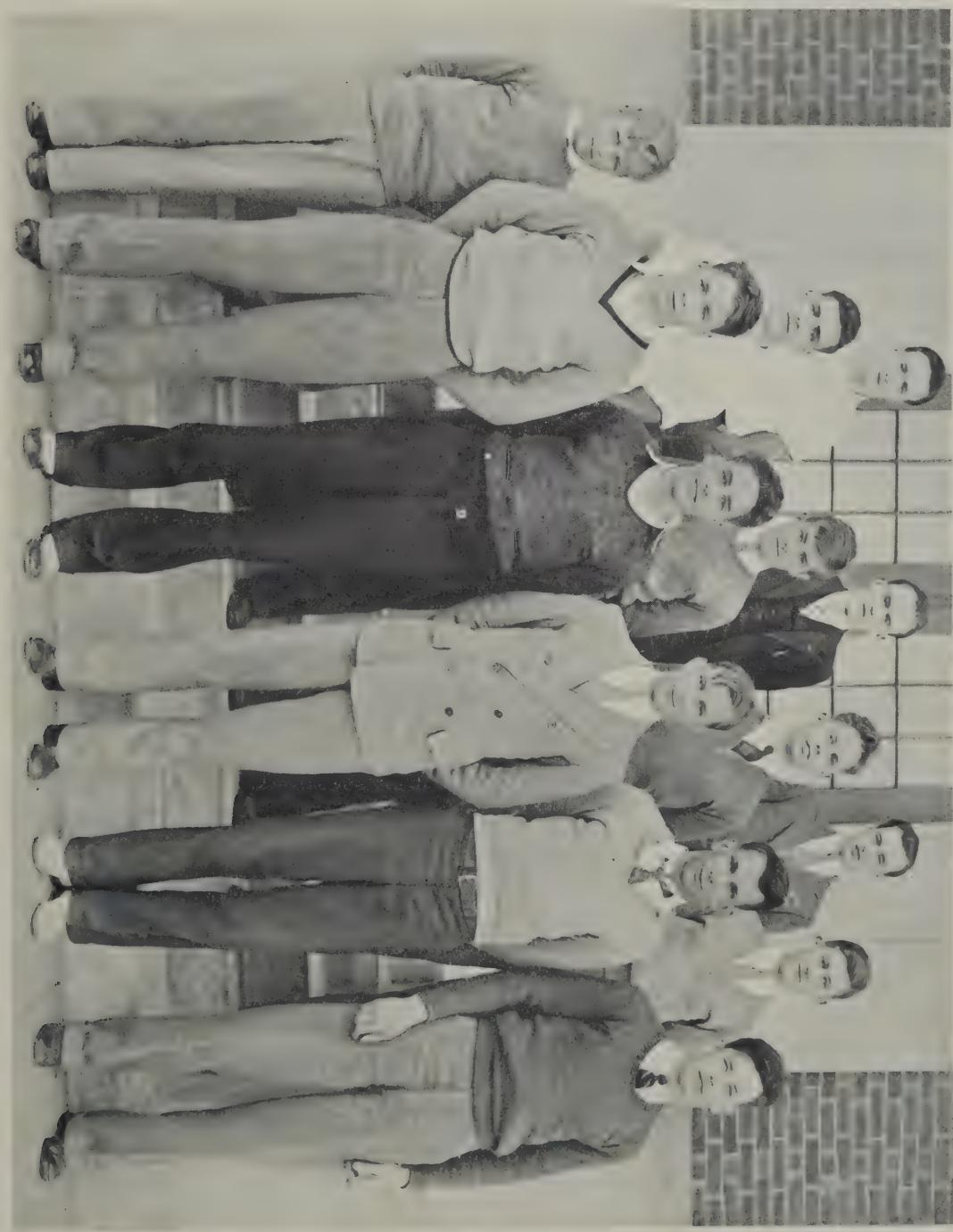
Needham 2	Newton 4
Needham 1	Framingham 4
Needham 3	Norwood 2
Needham 2	Revere 3
Needham 1½	Framingham 3½

Golf

Again our school was represented in the Norfolk County Golf League. Our first four games were played against the strongest teams in the league, namely, Walpole and North Quincy. We had the misfortune to drop all four contests, but after losing a close decision to Sharon, 5-4, and gaining a victory over Norwood, new and brighter prospects loom for a successful season.

The boys playing on the squad are Kosmenko, Beale, Sayce, Niden, Perry, and Hazard.





Boys' Gym Meet

The Fifth Annual Boys' Gym Meet attracted a large crowd to the doors of the High School Gym on the evening of Friday, March 29.

With every boy doing something to contribute to this exhibition of gymnastic ability, and the Gym Team in the starring role, the exhibit was received with hearty applause from every corner of the gym. Mr. Claxton and his able assistant, "Mike" De Fazio, certainly deserve a great deal of credit for so successfully putting on such an ambitious show.

Raleigh Glynn and "Bob" Slack, stellar members of last year's Gym Team, were present to exhibit some of their skill acquired since graduation. The Gym Team showed great skill on the apparatus, in the Danish Drill, and the Wand Drill, while the rest of the boys exhibited the "every-day gym class" at work. In addition to this, the Wrestling Team gave three thrilling and amusing "grunt and groan" exhibition matches.

An amusing, well-costumed, clown dance by the Gym Team closed an evening of thrilling and unusually varied sights.

Girls' Gym Meet

Hurrah! The Seniors won! Following the entrance march came the Sophomore and Junior gymnastics, and then the girls with sun-bonnets and straw hats did American country dances. All classes did their marching and apparatus equally well. The "Cakewalk" tap dancers with their tall silk hats made quite a hit, and the antics put on by the Topsy-Turvy Tumblers were enjoyed by all. While the scores were being added up, the Juniors defeated the Seniors in a snappy game of basketball. Then came the welcome news: Seniors 93, Juniors 91, Sophomores 90.

Girls' Basketball

The girls' varsity squad did remarkably well this year, the Seniors winning 4 games, the Juniors 2, and although the Sophomores only won 1, they worked hard and had many moral victories, and we are proud of them.

The first game, a rather uneventful one, was played on the home floor against Cambridge Latin with our Seniors being the only victorious team. The next game with Natick was more exciting, as it was the forerunner of the boys' game that evening. But the boys' and girls' scores did not match, for the girls won two of their games. Wellesley, however, turned the tables, and we lost all three games. We made up for it on Valentine's day at Waltham. The floor was very slippery and some one was "down" at almost every play. But our black and blue spots were soothed, when, at the close of the games, ice cream for everyone was brought forth. Newton's huge gym, four times the size of ours, rather appalled us and, as a result, the Juniors were the only ones "to bring home the bacon." The Alumnae appeared one morning with great hopes which were effaced by the score, even at the half. The last game was played at home with Norwood and, much to everyone's joy, our hard-working Sophomores won.

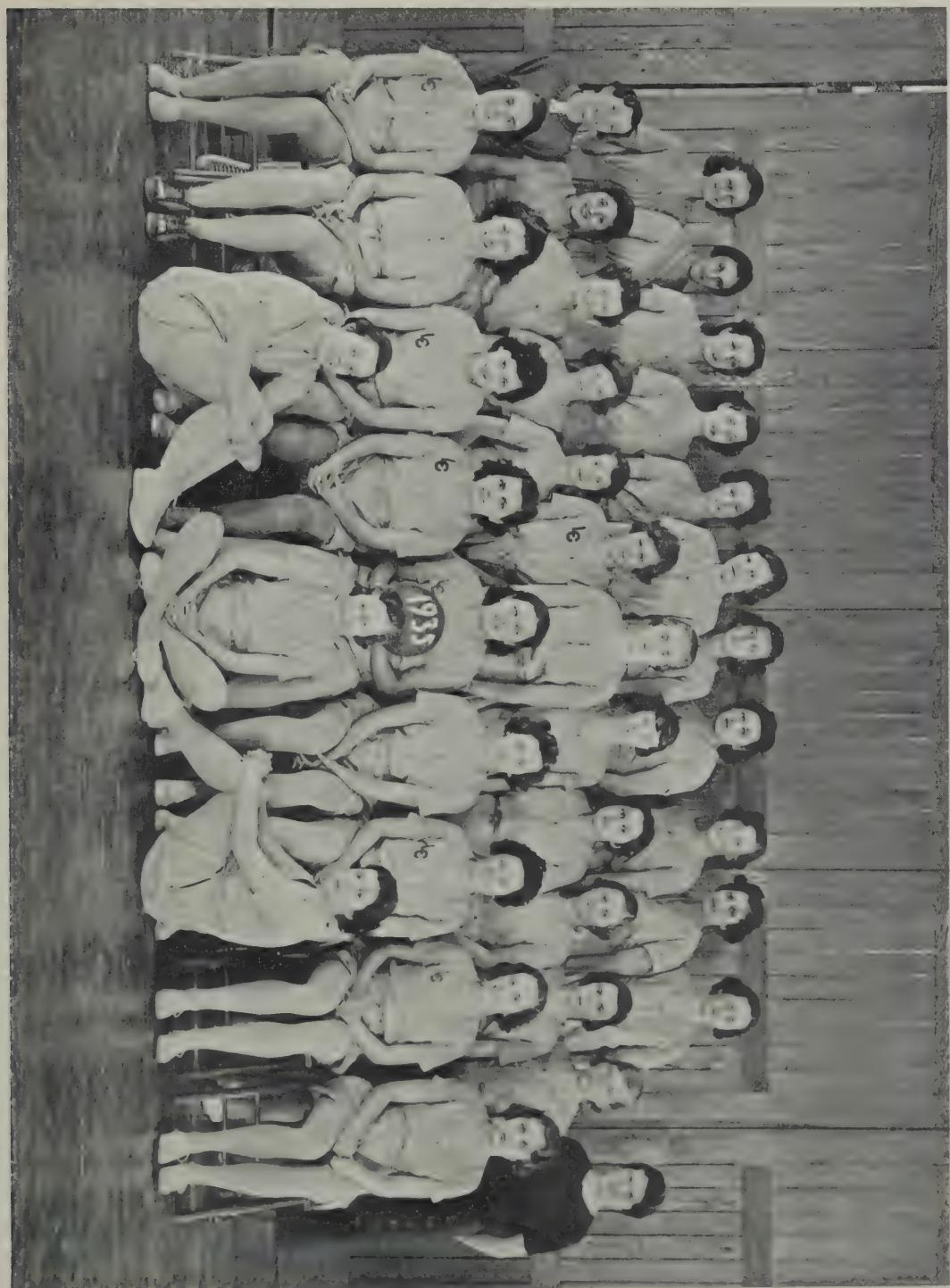
We wish you luck, Basketball Team of 1936!

Spring Sports

Spring sports for the girls seem to be enjoyed greatly, for on Tuesday there is a large group of baseball enthusiasts out on the field, on Wednesday others are out for track, and on Thursday there is beginners' tennis in the gym.

The tennis team is enjoying a successful season, and the tournament is progressing slowly.

Horseshoes and deck tennis are favorites in gym classes, and we hear that since our practice in gym, the bowling alleys are being used on "Ladies' Day."





Tennis Team

In selecting this year's team we were faced with the handicap of having only one singles player, our captain, Betty Church. But she has made a name for herself, winning all her matches but one. The following girls make up the team:

Betty Church	Susan Loomis
Elsie Brown	Jean Merrill
Sylvia Svendsen	Barbara Blake
Roberta Cushman	Mollie Stewart

In the match with Wellesley, Church, Svendsen, and Cushman and Merrill won, making a score of 3-2 for Needham. Svendsen was the only one to beat her Watertown opponent, leaving the match 1-4 for Watertown. In a return match with Wellesley, Church, Svendsen, Loomis and Cushman, and Merrill and Blake won, making a 4-1 victory for Needham. Needham was again defeated in the matches with Norwood. Betty Church, after a long even match, pulled out on top by her marvelous playing and was the only winner.

There is a great deal of interest in tennis this year. Sixty beginners crowd the gym every Thursday afternoon, but the lack of courts in Needham make impossible much progress in what might otherwise be a major girls' sport. We hope that some means may be found for providing more courts for our use.

Forty girls signed up for the tournament, which is now in the third round. We have Betty Church out for a winner, but strange things have happened, so what the outcome may be, we don't know. But it ought to prove interesting.



Miss Fessenden: "Price, what fraction less than 3/4 will suit this situation?"

Price (with confidence): "6/8."

Mrs. Slaney reports that Virginia Poland loses her glasses on an average of twice a week, and that Louise Ryan has spent most of her four years' stay at N. H. S. hunting for her lost books.

Joan, as long as you were successful at bowling, having attained a strike the first time, feel free to ask the other girls their results — then they won't feel like laughing.

Miss Currie: "Now, girls, why do you have to talk when a teacher turns her attention to something else?"

Miss Bowker: "I was giving her the assignment."

Miss C.: "Well, do you have to make so much noise about it? Can't you just pass it to her?"

Miss B.: "Well — ah — "

Miss C.: "Can't she read?"

Miss B.: "No!"

Read in a secretary's report: "Due to the absence of Miss Appel the class was in charge of Miss Dodge."

Mr. Frost, after fifteen minutes of questioning the class: "Now, I'm going to ask you a question."

Miss Kenney to Latin I class: "If you have any trouble with those verbs, all you need to do is refer to your appendix."

A class studying "Master Skylark" were discussing the names of companies of actors in Elizabethan times.

Miss Dodge: "To what company of actors did Master Carew belong?"

Pupil: "To the Lord Chamberlain's company."

Miss Dodge: "And to what company did Shakespeare belong?"

Pupil: "The Lord Almighty's company."

Hollis, waking up to hear a question shot at him: "Who?"

Mr. Frost: "Yes, that's what the owl said, but he was wise to the situation."

Mr. Frost: "I remember when at the Battle of Gettysburg — "

Miss B. Clark: "Were you there?"

Can You Imagine

(Sophomores and Teachers)

Ruth Peare — not flirting with Hollis Paegel.

Miss Currie — not scolding Dick Brownville.

John Nye — not getting an A in Latin.

Quentin Gulliver — not falling asleep in French.

Miss Fessenden — liking Geometry Class B.

Dick Murphy — not arguing with Betty Godfrey.

Joan Willoughby — getting B in French.

Marcia Church and Jessie Sturtevant — not giggling.

March Timmerman — getting all A's.

Joan Willoughby — paying attention in all her classes.

Who's Who in the Class of 1935*Authoress*

E. Bowker, 1st; B. Blake, 2nd.

Author

B. Buckley, 1st; L. Bigelow, 2nd.

Girl Who Has Done Most for N. H. S.

A. Winter, 1st; J. Davidson, 2nd.

Boy Who Has Done Most for N. H. S.

L. Nye, 1st; L. Bigelow, 2nd.

Most Perfect Girl

R. Gilpatrick, 1st; A. Winter, 2nd.

Most Perfect Boy

L. Nye, 1st; G. Glynn, 2nd.

Most Ambitious Girl

A. Winter, 1st; B. Blake, 2nd.

Most Ambitious Boy

L. Bigelow, 1st; B. Abbott, 2nd.

Girl Musician

B. Blake, 1st; J. Davidson, 2nd.

Boy Musician

R. Stanwood, 1st; P. Farnham, 2nd

Girl Most Likely to Succeed

A. Winter, 1st; B. Blake, 2nd.

Boy Most Likely to Succeed

L. Bigelow, 1st; L. Nye, 2nd.

Girl Artist

B. Brett, 1st; B. Griffin, 2nd.

Boy Artist

D. Colton, 1st; K. Locke, 2nd.

Most Bashful Girl

M. Stewart, 1st; B. Allan, 2nd.

Most Bashful Boy

D. Colton, 1st; B. Anderson, 2nd.

Best Girl Dancer

B. Church, 1st; F. Robinson, 2nd.

Best Boy Dancer

E. Murphy, 1st; B. Polverine, 2nd.

Girl with Best Disposition

R. Gilpatrick, 1st; S. Loomis, 2nd.

Boy with Best Disposition

W. Rowlands, 1st; R. Allen, 2nd.

Best All Around Girl

R. Gilpatrick, 1st; B. Church, 2nd.

Best All Around Boy

L. Nye, 1st; J. Chambers, 2nd.

Most Popular Girl

H. Moodie, 1st; R. Gilpatrick, 2nd.

Most Popular Boy

G. Glynn, 1st; E. Murphy, 2nd.

Prettiest Girl

V. Balfour, 1st; J. Lyon, 2nd.

Handsomest Boy

G. Glynn, 1st; B. Anderson, 2nd.

Most Intellectual Girl

A. Winter, 1st; B. Blake, 2nd.

Most Intellectual Boy

L. Bigelow, 1st; B. Abbott, 2nd.

Cleverest Girl

B. Griffin, 1st; B. Brett, 2nd.

Cleverest Boy

B. Buckley, B. Abbott, tie.

Girl Athlete

B. Church, 1st; R. Rossi, 2nd.

Boy Athlete

J. Chambers, 1st; G. Glynn, 2nd.

Most Humorous Girl

H. Lane, 1st; V. Balfour, 2nd.

Most Humorous Boy

R. Allen, 1st; G. Beale, 2nd.

Girl Most to be Admired

A. Winter, 1st; S. Loomis, 2nd.

Boy Most to be Admired

L. Nye, 1st; J. Chambers, 2nd.

Most Cheerful Girl

R. Gilpatrick, 1st; S. Loomis, 2nd.

Most Cheerful Boy

G. Beale, E. Murphy, tie.

Quietest Girl

B. Allan, 1st; E. Smith, 2nd.

Quietest Boy

D. Colton, D. Enberg, tie.

Noisiest Girl

H. Lane, 1st; L. Bond, 2nd.

Noisiest Boy

R. Allen, 1st; P. Farnham, 2nd.

Social Celebrity, Girl

V. Balfour, 1st; B. Griffin, 2nd.

Social Celebrity, Boy

G. Glynn, 1st; B. Buckley, 2nd.

Neatest Girl

B. Brett, 1st; F. Robinson, 2nd.

Neatest Boy

G. Glynn, 1st; B. Buckley, 2nd.

Best-dressed Girl

F. Robinson, 1st; B. Brett, 2nd.

Best-dressed Boy

G. Glynn, 1st; B. Buckley, 2nd.

Girl Bookworm

A. Winter, H. Lane, tie.

Boy Bookworm

L. Bigelow, 1st; B. Abbott, 2nd.

Best Girl Leader

B. Church, 1st; S. Loomis, 2nd.

Best Boy Leader

L. Nye, 1st; G. Glynn, 2nd.

Most Courteous Girl

C. Boyer, 1st; R. Gilpatrick, 2nd.

Most Courteous Boy

Wm. Kennedy, 1st; G. Glynn, 2nd.

Temptation

Hilda Lane, '35

I saw a fat woman,
Yesterday,
In front of a candy counter,
Eyeing the luscious sweets
In close array.

"Where is your
Will power, woman?" I thought,
"Don't buy it. Remember
The Cause!"
She hesitated, I exulted;
But alas, I spoke too soon,
For when I looked again
She had succumbed
And was eating
A mammoth chocolate bar.
And so I must admit
I went and bought one, too.

Found on a History paper:

The reforms of the Gracchi gave rise to the
Roman mop.

Christianity split the Poles and Czechs in
two.

The pheasants and surfs lived on the manner
of the lord.

Five Young Fishers

Five young Fishers, Davidson, Johnson, Nielson, Robinson, and Erson (each boy's father was a Smith) walked down the Lane in the Glynn to the Church. These young men were all Lyons — although they de Nyed it — among the ladies. They were carrying a Small, Brown, Bal four the Church. They had Speared the bell one day in Winter while fishing from the Beech. As they neared the church they passed through some Bryers.

"Someone should Burnham," remarked Davidson Roffely.

They knocked on the church gate and soon they saw the Abbott Pirro ver the gate. The goodman un Locked it and led them through a Hall to his Chambers. He thanked them for the bell and said it probably was the Biggart of a Brett on and might have belonged to an Earle. He then asked the young men about their Soules but was interrupted by a "Kershaw!" from Robinson who next started Coughlin.

"Evans!" the Abbott said with a Scrima. "Here, Drinkwater and it will Gore away the Harris in your throat."

After this the fishers became Moodie. The Abbott asked what was the matter.

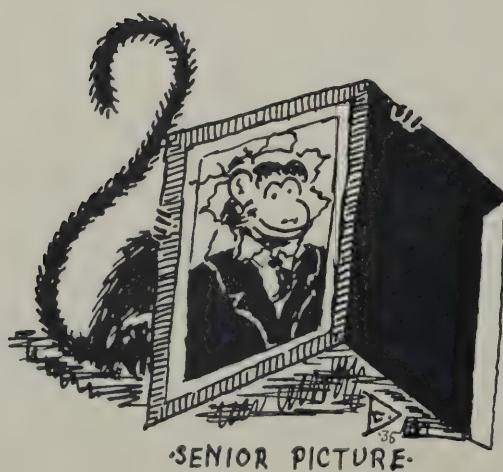
"We want you to Cala brese — they've been so Slack lately — to help the Currant aid us to Rowlands away," said Johnson.

The Abbott, upon hearing this, gave them a Liberty Bond and sent them on their way to Poland.

We'll hope the breeze wasn't too Small or too Frosty and that the fishers didn't have to Pollard on the oars and land in India to eat Currie instead of Roweing to Dodge the Appels on the way to Poland.

The success of the operetta was due to the humor of two young sophomores. They certainly did put on an unusual performance.

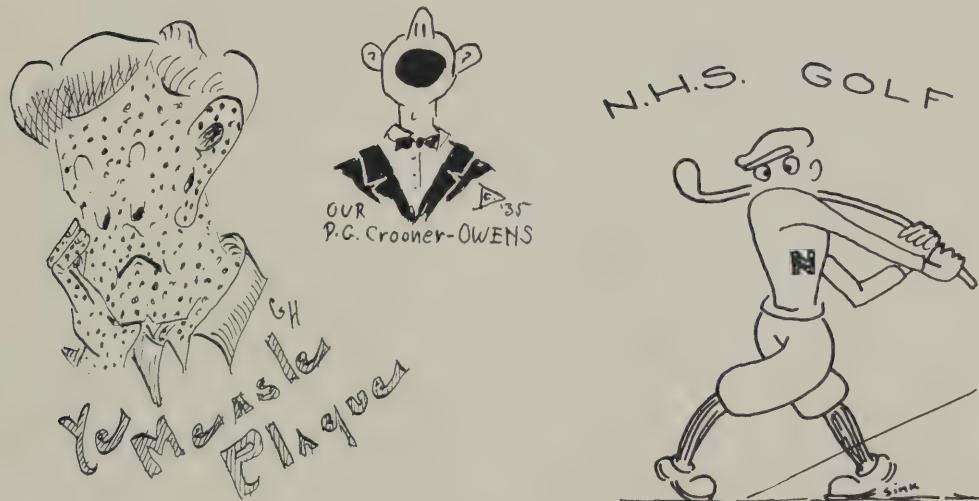
Ask either Miss Churchill or Murphy who wins at Tit Tat Toe the third period — spring certainly must be here.



Ins and Outs of the Class of 1935

NAME	NOTED FOR	FAILING.	OUTCOME
Brian Abbott	Ability	Miss Oliver	Preacher
Barbara Allan	Quiet Nature	Ambition	Toe Dancer
Tom Allardyne	Books	Hockey	Follies Manager
"Rusty" Allen	Broken Limbs	Women	Bachelor
"Bernie" Anderson	Those Looks	Apples	Love Adviser
Ruth Annis	Moderation	Books	Art Teacher
"Ginnie" Balfour	Looks	Liberty	Cigarette Girl
"Dick" Barton	Nobody Knows	Wrestling	Butler
George Beale	Noise	Marion	Second Coughlin
Russell Beech	Puns	Sophomores	Heart Breaker
Lloyd Bigelow	Studying	His Bicycle	Harem Keeper
Wm. Biggart	Red Hair	Geometry	Artist
Barbara Blake	Violin Playing	"Rusty"	Doctor
Liberty Bond	N.H.S. Gossip	Other Half	Town Crier
Elinor Bowker	Poems	Miss Harrington	Authoress
Charlotte Boyer	Quanset	Boys	Deb (?)
Betty Brett	Drag	Exeter	Hula-hula Dancer
Delmar Brown	Quietness	Democrat	Accountant
Frances Brown	Meekness	None	Sunday-school Teacher
John Bryer	Legs	Sharon	Musician
Bill Buckley	Ruth	Dartmouth	Bell Hop
Lorna Burnham	Day Dreaming	Modesty	Waitress
Mary Calabrese	Those Eyes	Parties (?)	Hairdresser
Alfred Capabianco	Size	Wrestling	Elephant Trainer
Wm. Carpenter	Unruly Hair	Latin	Turkey Raiser
Thelma Carter	Cosmetics	Newton	Anything
Hazel Chamberlain	Demureness	Spats	Dressmaker
John Chambers	Athletics	"Dot"	Henpecked Husband
Betty Church	Basketball	Dancing	Chorus Girl
"Sis" Clark	That Line!	Nobody Knows	Director of Bachelors' Home
Douglas Colton	Bashfulness	Biology Partner	Movie Star
Gertrude Coughlin	Her Walk	Jack Frost	Fireman's Wife
"Fat" Cowdry	Studies	Himself	Opera Singer
"Peg" Curran	Her Voice	We'll Never Tell	Society Woman
Roberta Cushman	Such Humor	Tex	Missionary
Jean Davidson	Piano Playing	Ohio — Next Year	French Teacher
"Joe" De Sousa	Talk	Baseball	Bishop
Joseph DiPoli	Hunting	Skunks	Guide
"Bob" Drinkwater	His Haircut	N. H. S.	Soap Salesman
Edna Earle	Singing	A By-gone	Saleswoman
David Enberg	Complexion	Airplanes	Reformer
"Dot" Evans	John	John	Mrs. John
Philip Farnham	That Laugh	His Driving	Sidewalk Driver
"Bud" Fay	Puns	Crashing Parties	Gum Chewer
Eddie Fettes	Sleepiness	Golf	French Student
Weston Fisher	Non-haircut	Christine	Sailor
Virginia Gately	That Car	Brud	Taxi Driver
Ruth Gilpatrick	Free Choice	Which One (?)	Wife of Fisherman
"Libby" Gledhill	Faithfulness	Jimmy	Ticket Taker
"Gig" Glynn	Ability to Drive	Any Port in a Storm	Mr. Claxton's Assistant
Fred Gore	Brunettes	Blondes	Second to Mahoney
Betty Griffin	Such Hair	Males	Old Maid
Donna Hadsell	Elocution	Chem.	Orator
Marjorie Hall	Hair Ribbons	A New One	Manicurist
Marjorie Hamilton	Determination	Conversation	Wife of Crooner
Evelyn Hansis	Notes	Give Her Time	Dentist
James Harris	High Jumps	Essays	Professor
"Dot" Hartshorn	Her Fiddle	Football	Telephone Operator
"Jimmy" Heald	Short Stories	There'll Come a Day	Manager of Red Sox
Grace Holman	Law	A Mystery	Secretary
Pauline Howland	Dover	An Usher	Hostess
Marguerite Hubbs	Cheering	Ash	Soothsayer
Tom Huddy	Good Disposition	Slang	Politician

NAME	NOTED FOR	FAILING	OUTCOME
Kathleen Johnson	Arguments	Business	Buddie
"Bill" Kennedy	That Smile	Cigars	Banker
Kathleen Keogh	Complexion	Sports	Dairy Maid
"Gobby" Kershaw	Boldness	All Girls	Dancing Teacher
Phyllis LaCoste	A Ring	Taken Care of	Housewife
Phyllis Langdale	Neatness	Typing	Librarian
Elizabeth Leland	Size	Track	Fortune Teller
Margaret Lewitt	Curly Hair	Thin Men	Cook
Hilda Lane	Noise	Movies	Short Story Writer
Kermit Locke	Finger Wave	Art	Barber
"Sue" Loomis	Blush	Math.	Dietitian
Sarah Lothrop	French	Who is He?	Nursemaid
Janet Lyon	Such Talk! (?)	Holyoke	Aviatrix
"Fido" McCarthy	Any Sport	Miss Gates	Street Singer
Evelyn McCulloch	Dancing	Mae	Follies Girl
Jane Macdonald	Those Eyes!	Sunday	Night Owl
Thelma MacGray	Louis	Louis	You Guess!
Louise Mastropieri	Short Hair	Dogs	Teacher
Jean Merrill	Pueri	Food	Gym Teacher
Mary Moccio	Her Car	Her Laugh	History Student
Harriet Moodie	Personality	Graydn	Soon (?)
Walter Mrocza	Height	Sarcasm	Second Bull Martin
"Ted" Murphy	Track	Virginia	Tailor
Alice Neilson	Betty	Curt	Designer
Betty Nye	Arguing	Small Children	Kindergarten Teacher
"Copper" Nye	Leadership	Stubbornness	Mechanic
Tom O'Connell	Baseball (?)	Charlotte	Lawyer
Ellen Olson	Being Late	Dues	Artist
Ray Perry	Golf	Jack Frost	Frost's Stooge
Pauline Perry	Balfour	Bond	A Triune
Tony Pirro	Glee Club	Long Attendance	Opera Star
Virginia Poland	Maine!	Maine!	Maine!
Anna Polselli	Quietness	Talking	Latin Teacher
Bruno Polverine	Dancing	Jokes	Gigolo
George Richards	Heart Trouble	Typing	Bull Fighter
John Rizzo	Oranges	Pitching	Orchestra Leader
Richard Roberts	Bugle	Lab.	Flag Pole Sitter
Frances Robinson	Humor	Dedham	Artist Model
Eleanor Roffe	Speed	Many	Nun
Riva Rossi	Basketball	Humor	Debater
Walter Rowlands	Cheerfulness	New Girls	Sea Captain
Louise Ryan	War Paint	Vamping	Never!
Virginia Sanborn	Dazed Condition	Miss Fessenden	Mathematician
James Scrima	Football	Marbles	Undertaker
George Schroeder	His Chest	Golf	Bond Salesman
Meyer Seigel	Getting Lost	DiPoli	Second Pop Eye
Stephen Sienczuk	Sports	Girls	Old Man
George Slack	His Grin	News	Pipe Smoker
Lois Small	Niceness	Cambridge	Ruth Zirsch's Manager
"Beth" Smith	Petiteness	Harrison	Debater
Christine Soule	Corridors	Weston	Floor Walker
Sybil Spear	Sophistication (?)	Lenny	Man Hater
Majorie Spicer	Freckles	Studying	Singer of Popular Songs
Roger Stanwood	Moods	She'll Come Along Soon	Soldier
Charles Stata	Curls	Miss Churchill	A Principal
Clifford Steeves	Ballyhoo	Spats	Jeweller
Mary Stewart	Her Brother	A Sophomore	Olympic Star
Hope Timmermann	Benders	Noppy	A Lady
Antoinette Tomaino	The Other	Brown Eyes	Ask the Other
Eleanor Tomaino	Her Sister	Brown Eyes	Still a Question
Douglas Volk	Math.	Gym	Selectman
Paul Volk	Perseverance	We Wonder	Farmer
John Waitkunas	Bessie	Again?	A Second George Atlas
Donald Webber	Boisterousness	Rules	Tax Collector
Ann Winter	Ability	The Advocate	President of Women's Temperance Union



Miss Dodge, attempting to fix the meaning of the prefix *mono* in the minds of the pupils:

"What is meant by monoplane?"

Williams: "A plane with one wing"

Miss Dodge: "By monosyllable"

Pflock: "A word of one syllable"

Miss Dodge: "By monologue?"
Hubbell: "One log."

Found on an English test: "Her husband died and then about two years later married again."

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